

THE
SATURDAY REVIEW
OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,360, Vol. 52.

November 19, 1881.

[Registered for
Transmission abroad.]

Price 6d.

THE COLSTON SPEECHES.

THE Bristol custom which is associated with the name of COLSTON reproduces a system of College declamations which has probably become obsolete at the Universities. The academic disputants were instructed to defend opposite sides in some moral or historical controversy, without previously comparing notes for the purpose of answering one another's arguments. The more experienced orators of the "Dolphin" and "Anchor" at Bristol can scarcely fail to discuss the same political questions. To expose or to cover the weak points in the policy of the Government is the proper business of the respective speakers for the Opposition and the Ministry. The annual contest would be still more interesting if care were taken that the combatants should be equally matched. It seems scarcely fair that Lord SPENCER and Sir HENRY JAMES should be pitted against Lord SALISBURY and Mr. GIBSON; but as the balance has inclined the other way in some recent provincial discussions, the advantage which the "Dolphin" may have had over the "Anchor" is perhaps not to be grudged. In any case, a vigorous speaker prefers the opportunity of attack to the tamer process of apologetic statement and argument. It was for this reason that Sir W. HARCOURT dilated at Glasgow and Carlisle on the alleged errors of Lord BEACONSFIELD'S Government in preference to vindicating a domestic policy with which he perhaps feels no profound sympathy; but it is dull work to resuscitate the ghosts of dead issues for the purpose of exposing their failings. The Land Act, with the prospective comments of its authors, and with the glosses lately affixed to it by the Sub-Commissioners, is more present to the minds of contemporary politicians than the treaty of Berlin, or even the naval demonstration. Lord SPENCER, a highly estimable nobleman, but not a great political gladiator, engaged in a conflict with phantoms even less substantial than the shadows of the past. His denunciation of Fair-trade was directed against fallacies which died almost before they were born:—

*Quos dulcis vita exsortes, et ab ubere raptos
Abstulit atra dies, et funere meruit necrobo.*

The Conservative party will scarcely suffer from Lord SPENCER'S elaborate attack on Mr. LOWTHER, who has not even been a Cabinet Minister, and who, greatly to his credit, declines to dabble in Fair-trade. That the Opposition includes in its ranks a clever man who has the misfortune to believe in Protection is a smaller misfortune than the adhesion of Mr. BRADLAUGH to the Government. Lord SPENCER'S insinuation that Lord SALISBURY shared Mr. LOWTHER'S heresy was founded on a mistake. Additional duties on luxuries, or, in other words, on French wine and brandy, whether or not such imposts are expedient, would be compatible with the strictest principles of Free-trade. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL, indeed, says that his predecessor in office lately included corn and meat in the list of luxuries. If the quotation is accurate, Sir JOHN HOLKER has once more proved that an excellent lawyer may be a bad political economist. No member of the late Cabinet has at any time assented to schemes for taxing food or raw material.

In the course of a spirited address Sir HENRY JAMES unnecessarily hampered himself with the defence of one or two startling paradoxes. Referring to the Birmingham maxim that force is no remedy, he justly contended that in certain cases, as in that of the present condition of Ireland, there is no remedy but force.

The apparent contradiction is only to be reconciled by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S theory that it was not desirable to remedy violence and anarchy by force or by any other method as long as disorder facilitated the legislation which was regarded by the Government as indispensable. Not wishing to pledge himself to so remarkable a conclusion, the ATTORNEY-GENERAL must have left his audience in doubt whether rulers should bear the sword in vain. He was perhaps in a hurry to enunciate the still more astonishing proposition that Lord SALISBURY was responsible for the Land Bill. It is true that the leader of the majority of the House of Lords could have destroyed the Bill on the second reading, and that the third reading passed with his permission; but it scarcely follows that his supporters "are estopped from denouncing an Act" which they could have stayed in its course, but did not. From the moment at which the Bill was introduced it became the minimum of concession which Parliament could make to the Irish tenants. The Government, and not the Opposition, is exclusively responsible for any injustice which the Act may involve. Lord SALISBURY and his party rightly judged that the evil results of defeating the Bill would be even greater than the consequences of negatively sanctioning a measure of which they disapproved. No Government has a right to fasten on the Opposition the dilemma of voting for a questionable policy, or of defying the combination of a Parliamentary majority with a disaffected community. It may be said, without disrespect to Sir HENRY JAMES, that the part of his speech which related to Ireland was less weighty than the moderate argument of Mr. GIBSON. On the important question under discussion the English ATTORNEY-GENERAL is not an expert.

Lord SALISBURY declined to waste time on the discussion of the foreign policy of the late or present Government. As he truly said, the attention of all men is fixed on Ireland; and the prospect is not reassuring. Mr. GIBSON'S criticism of the proceedings of the Land Commission was the more forcible because it was transparently candid and studiously moderate. He was undoubtedly justified in his disapproval of Justice O'HAGAN'S opening speech, though it may be understood how the President of an anomalous tribunal should allow himself to deviate from the uniform course of judicial practice. As Mr. GIBSON said, the monstrous propositions laid down by some of the Sub-Commissioners are still open to appeal; but it is in the highest degree unsatisfactory to find that political partisans and agrarian projectors have been appointed to offices which required the strictest impartiality. Lord SALISBURY was perhaps scarcely just in attributing to Mr. GLADSTONE as a deliberate purpose the spoliation which seems but too likely to be the result of his favourite legislative measure. During the discussion of the Bill Mr. GLADSTONE frequently expressed his belief that the majority of Irish landowners would not be subjected to any loss of income. It may be conjectured that he now regards with disapproval or uneasiness the administration of the Act by the Sub-Commissioners. There is perhaps a difference of principle, as well as of amount, between 25 per cent. and 75 per cent. of reduction. The smaller penalty is not, like Mr. PARNELL'S recurrence to prehistoric values, a perfectly arbitrary transfer of property. Lord SELBOENE explicitly repudiated the intention of diminishing in any degree the total value of Irish land.

In the expression of his regret that Lord HARTINGTON had no influence in the Cabinet Lord SALISBURY was per-

haps not wholly serious. He may have wished to appeal to the supposed chief of the moderate section of the Government against the subversive designs of some of his colleagues. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN announces great political changes as impending, and it would be interesting to know whether they will be generally acceptable to his colleagues. It is believed that Lord HARTINGTON is not of an unduly pliable disposition, and that on all important questions he has opinions of his own. It was understood that he approved generally of the Irish Land Bill, though he took no part in the Parliamentary debates. He has now taken the first opportunity of announcing his opposition to the predatory proposals of the Farmers' Alliance. Like Lord SALISBURY, he will be indisposed to give the Guardians in every Union the opportunity of fixing the rents to be paid by themselves and by the other farmers. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL apparently intended to express the same opinion in his defence of Lord HARTINGTON's reference to the entirely distinct subject of the tenure of land. In acknowledging the omission in Mr. GLADSTONE's Guildhall speech of minatory proposals, Lord SALISBURY reasonably doubted whether the changes to be introduced into Parliamentary proceedings were solely designed to facilitate Bankruptcy Bills, and Bills for the prevention of floods. That a formidable sabre should be sharpened for the purpose of spreading bread and butter seemed, in Lord SALISBURY's judgment, to be improbable. On the whole, the COLSTON debates were neither dull nor uninteresting, and the party combat was conducted with good humour. If the leaders of both parties should think fit to suspend their polemical exertions from this time to the meeting of Parliament, the country would not be ungrateful for their forbearance; but in the few days which have elapsed since the Bristol celebration, Mr. GOSCHEN and Sir R. CROSS and Mr. GIBSON have continued the party controversy. One result of such discussions is to confute the popular saying that facts are stubborn things. The toleration which was for an entire year accorded to the Land League is an undoubted fact; but to Conservative speakers and to impartial observers it takes the form of scandalous dereliction of duty; while Mr. GOSCHEN, looking at events from a distance, only thought that the Government gave the Land League a good deal of rope. There is some reason to fear that the speeches on both sides will continue till the meeting of Parliament.

LORD GRANVILLE ON EGYPT.

LORD GRANVILLE'S despatch to Sir EDWARD MALET sums up, with some necessary reserve, but still with adequate precision, the present policy of England towards Egypt. The primary aim of that policy is to ensure that Egypt shall be decently well governed, and that a reforming and orderly Government shall show itself able and willing to take full advantage of that amount of independence which has been accorded to Egypt by the Porte. During the last two or three years very considerable reforms have been made. The taxes are no longer oppressive, the finances are in good order, the prosperity of the people is rapidly increasing. One great reform which has been long in contemplation—that of a new system of justice for the people—is on the point of being carried out; and Lord GRANVILLE urges that there shall be no delay in supplying what has now become the chief, and perhaps the sole, real deficiency in Egyptian administration. If the work is done, and well done, it is a matter of perfect indifference to England by whom it is done. Lord GRANVILLE protests against the notion that there has been, or is to be, anything like a specially English Ministry. It is not the business of our representative in Egypt to support one Minister, or one Ministry, rather than another. All that we want is that there shall be some Government that secures the tranquillity and prosperity of the country. Our chief reason for wishing Egypt to be tranquil and prosperous is our overwhelming interest in the security of the Suez Canal; but, so long as Egypt is tranquil and prosperous, we have the best possible guarantee for the security of the Canal. In time of peace a good and strong Government prevents those local disturbances by which the safety of the Canal might be very easily endangered. In time of war a good and strong Government would either keep open the Canal for us, or, if we were obliged to step into its place, we should find all the machinery for keeping order ready to our hand. A good

Government in Egypt can do for us all that we want, and better than we could do it for ourselves. We now attain our object without any cost, and without exciting any ill will. It might, in the last resort, be necessary, but it would be eminently disadvantageous, to substitute for the cheap and peaceable safeguard the safeguard of direct intervention, which would be efficacious—for, if it were undertaken, it would have to be done thoroughly—but which would impose on us constant anxiety and a heavy outlay, would awaken the jealousy, if not the enmity, of France, would kindle the suspicions of every European Power, and might blow into a flame the smouldering fire of Mahomedan fanaticism. Lord GRANVILLE is perfectly justified in saying that what we want, and what it may be fairly said we have got, up to the present time, is nothing more than an Egyptian Government that will do our work for us, and will save us from the many dangers that must inevitably attend our doing it by any form of violent interference.

But the present state of things in Egypt, favourable as it is to England, and based as it is on the solid grounds of wise reforms and increasing prosperity, is menaced by serious dangers. In no country, and above all in no Eastern country, can a Government have more than a hollow show of strength when the reigning prince has meekly listened to an announcement made by riotous soldiers that they had his successor ready if he would not do all that they ordered him to do. The ringleader among the insubordinate officers has not abandoned his business of dictation. He was induced to take his regiment away; but he himself comes back quietly and triumphantly to Cairo, and superintends the Government which was supposed to have got rid of him. He has taken over the lapsed power of the KHEDIVE; and acts as a kind of ultimate referee when it has to be decided what the Government shall do or shall not do. Anarchy appeared in Egypt when the KHEDIVE submitted to the colonels, and it may reappear any day in a much more serious shape. Lord GRANVILLE was bound to contemplate the possibility of anarchy again showing itself, and he distinctly lays down that, if anarchy does show itself, England will, if necessary, abandon its present policy of abstention. What action it will take in a hypothetical, although far from impossible, case, Lord GRANVILLE was far too prudent to explain. It is impossible to say beforehand what England will do or ought to do. Everything will depend on the causes which, at the time, are found to have provoked the recrudescence of anarchy. All that can be done at present is to study the probable causes of anarchy, and to minimize each danger as it shows itself. One danger is that of popular discontent. To guard so far as he can against this, Lord GRANVILLE urges the Egyptian Government to go boldly and quickly in the path of reform, and to remove every tangible and remediable grievance; and he clears away one obstacle to the acquisition of the confidence of the people by the Egyptian Government when he announces that England neither makes nor supports Egyptian Ministries. Another source of possible danger is the alarm inspired by the French occupation of Tunis. When Egyptians hear of what M. FERRY called the mortal blow given to Mahomedan fanaticism by the capture and desecration of Tunis, they can scarcely help feeling that the blow has fallen in part on them, and that heavier and more direct blows may follow. Lord GRANVILLE does what he can to dispel these fears by remarking that the supremacy of the Porte is the best protection Egypt can have against foreign aggression, and that England intends to uphold this supremacy, because it is the best check on foreign aggression that can be found. By foreign aggression nothing can now be meant but French aggression; and Lord GRANVILLE repeats the warning he has often given, that a sharp line must be drawn between an attack on Tunis—where the supremacy of the Porte was of a very shadowy or non-existent kind—and an attack on any territory over which the Porte exercises a supremacy that is incontestable.

There can be little doubt that the Ministry of CHERIFF PASHA will do what it honestly can in the way of reform, and that France is far too sick of the Tunis expedition to have any present designs on Egypt. The immediate danger to Egypt comes neither from popular discontent nor from France. It comes from the humiliation to which the KHEDIVE has submitted, and much more from the Porte. The Porte wishes to give its supremacy in Egypt a new colour, and to exercise it in a new direction. It wishes to make the supremacy

of the SULTAN not the supremacy of a political superior, but the supremacy of a religious chief. Egypt is to be enrolled into the great army of the Caliphate, and a special use is to be given to its adhesion by making it an instrument for the control of Arabia, from which the chief dangers to the Caliphate are likely to arise. What the Porte wants is to get Egypt quietly, but effectually, into its hands, and the means it adopts is to play off now the colonels against the KHEDEVE and now the KHEDEVE against the colonels. It provides the colonels with a successor to the KHEDEVE, and then sends emissaries to lecture the colonels on the guilt of military disobedience. And these emissaries, while charged with the general duty of enfeebling Egypt by keeping up this game of see-saw, are also charged with the special duty of conferring with delegates from the chief centres of religious influence in Arabia. The great thing which the SULTAN has at heart is to get Egypt to commit itself by sending troops to some Arabian port. It will not be the strength of the troops sent that will be important. A single battalion would suffice to show that Egypt was carrying out the orders of the CALIPH. That this new colour shall not be given to the SULTAN's supremacy, and that the efforts made in this new direction shall fail, is of the very greatest importance to England; for there could not be any danger to the security of the Canal greater than that Egypt and Arabia should be in conflict. It is indispensable for the interests of England that the danger should be avoided; but all that Lord GRANVILLE can do openly is to remind the Porte that there are limits fixed to the power of the Porte over Egypt, and to insinuate that England will not allow this limit to be overpassed. He cannot indulge in vague threats of punishment which would follow on the execution of designs which are as yet hardly apparent, and could not be proved if denied. All that can be done is to work through the ordinary channels of diplomacy, and by the exercise of patience and firmness to bring it home to the SULTAN that, if he thinks he is going to get Egypt out of the control of England, he is very much mistaken.

THE APOTHEOSIS OF M. PAUL BERT.

M. GAMBETTA'S entrance upon office has been so long waited for that it was perhaps impossible that it should not, when it came, be attended with some disappointment. The time and the circumstances were not well chosen for making the incident effective. If he had been sent for by M. GRÉVY immediately after the elections he would have seemed to be marching to the Elysée with all France behind him. In the months that have followed there has been so much controversy as to whose the majority was, and what policy the electors meant to support, that now that M. GAMBETTA has really become Prime Minister, the achievement has been a good deal dashed. Neither the names of his subordinates—it would be a misuse of words to call them his colleagues—nor the declaration which, according to custom, the new Cabinet made in both Chambers, have supplied the missing enthusiasm.

Among the Ministers with whom he has surrounded himself, there is only one whose name is known outside France. M. PAUL BERT has undoubtedly earned for himself political distinction of a certain kind. He is very much given to speaking on religious questions, and he is very happy in seasoning profanity with the precise amount of indecency which commends the mixture to the palate of the French *libre-penseur*. To call incense the tobacco of saints, and to group together the phylloxera and the religious orders as the twin pests which call for the application of a searching insecticide, are M. BERT's least oratorical achievements; but, unfortunately, they are amongst the few which can be presented to English readers. These are the qualifications which have led M. GAMBETTA to confer upon M. BERT the two posts of Minister of Education and Minister of Public Worship. Both appointments are remarkable. The Minister of Education has to put into working order the statute which has secularized all the communal schools in France. However necessary this measure may have been, it is plainly one which must bring the Minister into frequent collision with the ecclesiastical authorities. That is a risk which, under the Republican Government, every Minister of Education has had to put up with as he best might; but

the extent of it is a good deal affected by the character and antecedents of the particular Minister. M. GAMBETTA would, no doubt, have found it difficult to find a Minister of Education who should be at once *persona grata* to the clergy, and willing to take office in a Ministry of the Advanced Left. But he might easily have found a Minister who, so far as his public antecedents are concerned, should have been simply colourless. Instead of this he has picked out the man of all others who is most, and most justly, distasteful to the clergy. His object apparently is to accentuate all the strong things that the Government may feel disposed or compelled to do in the way of discouraging religious education, and to accustom the clergy to expecting the worst. Even if for some unexplained reason M. GAMBETTA had thought it expedient to sound a note of defiance over the whole of the educational field, he might have been glad that the Ministry of Public Worship was attached to the Ministry of the Interior, and not to the Ministry of Education. In this way it would have been possible for M. WALDECK ROUSSEAU to apply balm to the wounds which M. BERT might find it necessary to inflict. If the Government intends to quarrel with the parochial clergy, it might have been convenient to be by comparison on decent terms with the bishops, with whom the Minister of Public Worship is constantly brought into contact. There is seldom much to be gained from insulting as well as injuring an enemy, and a few civil speeches from the chief of one department may go some little way towards making the Church forget the very different speeches thrown at her head by another. Consequently, even if M. BERT's predecessor had been Minister of Public Worship as well as of Education, it would have been a natural step for M. GAMBETTA to separate the two offices. Instead of this, he has gone out of his way to reunite them. He found the Ministry of Public Worship associated with the Ministry of the Interior; but his conviction of M. BERT's supreme qualifications for ecclesiastical administration is so profound that, in order to give effect to it, he has associated the Ministry of Public Worship with the Ministry of Education.

The choice is even more remarkable because there is a passage in M. GAMBETTA's programme which seems to imply that one of the ends which the new Government have in view is a revision of the actual relations between the Government and the Church. Of course this intention is not stated in so many words. When a French Republican Minister wishes to revolutionize the existing order of things, he is always particularly careful to say that he is merely carrying out some law which has been allowed to fall into disuse. It never seems to occur to him that the fact that a law has become obsolete is *prima facie* evidence, at the least, that it is no longer suited, or that it never was suited, to the circumstances to which it has to be adapted. M. GAMBETTA is not going to abolish the Concordat; he is only going to apply it strictly. In other words, he is going to throw aside all the softening interpretations which a regard for public convenience has put upon the letter of the Concordat, and to place the relations between Church and State on a footing designed to meet a condition of affairs which is now eighty years old. Whether this intention be wise or foolish in itself, it makes frequent collisions between the two powers all but inevitable. It may not very much matter whether, in these circumstances, the MINISTER OF PUBLIC WORSHIP has the gift of conciliating opponents; but there was no need for M. GAMBETTA to take special pains to pick out a Minister whose sole merit in ecclesiastical matters is that the mere mention of his name is enough to throw a Roman Catholic, whether priest or layman, into a violent passion. For it must not be omitted from the list of M. BERT's merits that he is hated, not by the French clergy only, but by French Catholics. Other speakers of this kidney have aimed at drawing a distinction, shadowy enough indeed, but still meant to look substantial, between clericalism and religion. M. BERT has risen superior to any such subterfuges. He glories in treating the two as identical. He takes every occasion of proclaiming that it is the religious instinct in man with which he wages war—that the objects of his hatred are not the absurdities of Catholicism, but the degrading belief in the existence of a Being greater than man, in which belief those absurdities have their origin. There is, indeed, one possible explanation of M. BERT's appointment which ought not to be altogether left out of sight. It is conceivable—we can hardly say that it is more than conceivable—that M. GAMBETTA may

deliberately mean his bark to be worse than his bite. He may wish, if possible, to conciliate his more advanced supporters, and he may think that there is no more assured way of doing this than by insulting every religion in his choice of a Minister of Public Worship. With M. BERT in office, even a favour done to the Church would have the air of an insult, and M. GAMBETTA may think that under this cover it may be easier for him to manage ecclesiastical affairs in a spirit of reasonable compromise than if he had a less violently irreligious Minister as his lieutenant in the department of Public Worship. In the case of most men this theory would be too far-fetched to deserve a moment's thought. In the case of M. GAMBETTA, it just stops short of being that. There has always been a great deal of *finesse* about his conduct of affairs, and in this way he may possibly see his way to being milder in deed, from the fact that he has been so fierce in word. In the improbable event of this theory being true, M. GAMBETTA will have to run the risk that the people whom he hopes to soothe by the policy he adopts towards them may be hopelessly alienated beforehand by the language in which this policy will have been described.

The declaration read on Tuesday was exceedingly colourless upon every point except that of the revision of the Constitution. Upon that point, France is said to have "marked her resolution." The revision is to be "limited," but there is to be revision. In other respects the declaration might have been made by any Ministry under the sun. The reforms that are promised are not described, or only so far described as is consistent with a most convenient degree of vagueness. Even Prince BISMARCK would be willing to say that he was anxious to reduce the army, so far as it can be done without impairing the defensive strength of the country; and Protectionists and Free-traders might agree to lighten the burdens which press on agriculture if it can be done without jeopardising the finances of France. The determination to maintain order while protecting the public liberties is worthy of NAPOLEON III. In short, M. GAMBETTA seems to have borrowed the safest platitudes from each of his predecessors, in the hope that they would be accepted by each section of the Republican party as supplying some ground for hope that it is to their views that the new Minister means to give effect. The only result of this effort at compromise, or rather at concealment, has been to start a cry, before the Cabinet is a week old, for an interpellation which shall make it clear what the Government is really going to do. Foreigners may wait to satisfy their curiosity on this point until it pleases M. GAMBETTA to show his faith by his deeds; but his own countrymen—or the politicians among his own countrymen—are anxious to have some clearer assurance from himself than he has yet been pleased to give. That M. GAMBETTA may be willing to give any number of assurances similar in kind to his declaration is likely enough, but it will be surprising if he is in any hurry to depart from the convenient obscurity in which he has been pleased to shroud himself.

MR. BRIGHT AT ROCHDALE.

ROCHDALE has celebrated, with an enthusiasm that was graceful because it was sincere, the seventieth birthday of the popular orator and Cabinet Minister whom his memories, his fortune, and his affections have associated with the town of his birth. The workmen in the mills long carried on by his family addressed Mr. BRIGHT in the morning, and the general body of the townsmen of Rochdale paid their tribute to him in the evening. When a man has deserved honour by a long, active, and unselfish life, it is satisfactory that he should receive it, and all England is interested in full justice being rendered to every statesman of every party. Naturally, in replying to the addresses he received, Mr. BRIGHT reviewed the past on which he has left his mark, and the measures to which he has devoted his energies and his eloquence. Free-trade, a cheap press, an extended suffrage, national education are the triumphs of his life, and, in part at least, the fruit of his personal efforts. To the success of every cause he has taken up he has brought the aid of intense conviction, of sensitive pugnacity, and of an eloquence which, always clear and simple, was stately in its more solemn efforts, and was often felicitous in its epigrams. No one doubts that his motives have been pure and his conduct disinterested, or that he loved what he

loved as heartily as he hated what he hated. He accepted rather than sought the honours of office, from a desire for which he was removed both by his conception of his proper sphere in public life, and by his singular inaptitude for the details of business. In the fifty years over which his connexion with politics has extended a great change, and in most respects a change for the better, has come over England, and he has largely contributed to this change. The English people is now more numerous, better fed, better paid, a little more educated, and a little more intellectually alive than it was when Mr. BRIGHT was young, and Mr. BRIGHT has done much, so far as any one person can be said to have done much, to bring about this happy result. It is quite pardonable that, as he surveys in his old age what of good has been achieved in his day, he should somewhat exaggerate the share which he and his chosen associates have had in the work and good fortunes of a nation. To one of the chief apostles of Free-trade it is natural to ascribe exclusively to the triumph of his favourite measure the rise in wages which has been general even in rigidly protectionist countries. The habits and powers of mind and character which he actually possesses are all that any statesman can offer for the service of the nation; and if Mr. BRIGHT has often shown himself narrow and even unfair, it deserves to be recognized on fitting occasions how often he has shown himself generous, public-spirited, and sincere. It is not Rochdale alone that is ready to pay to Mr. BRIGHT such honour as is his due.

No public man has been more consistent than Mr. BRIGHT. He says and thinks now what he said and thought forty years ago. What he was, that he is; and if no one has changed less, no one has grown less. He began fighting, and he will end fighting; and if he cannot hear the din of battle, he cries out until he persuades himself that the battle is raging. He has never got out of the way of regarding men and classes with which he was possessed when he was fighting against Protection. To him the truths of Free-trade were as clear as the sun at noon, and wilful blindness was the only possible cause that he could conceive when they were not seen. The landlords resisted Free-trade, and their resistance could only be due to a monstrous and innate wrongfulness. Protectionists, he felt assured, could only be Protectionists because they were either very wicked or very imbecile. This conception of his opponents got into his mind, and nothing could ever get it out again. At seventy he is as perfectly sure as he ever was at thirty that every one who differs from him is either a fool or a knave, and he was delighted to be able to tell his friends of Rochdale that some Scotch farmers who share the preternatural shrewdness of their race thought on this head exactly as he did. To Mr. BRIGHT all Protectionists are fools, and all are English landlords. He remembers the weaker Englishmen with whom he once fought, and never troubles himself about THIERS and Prince BISMARCK. His opponents are always bad English noblemen, and their worse parasites, and the Protectionist manufacturers of America disappear from his horizon because Manchester was once the centre of the Anti-Corn Law League. Once an enemy always an enemy is Mr. BRIGHT's maxim, and he feels a virtuous pleasure and a renewed confidence in divine justice when he sees his enemy suffering. He was thrilled with the buoyant delight felt by the reader of a penny novel who reaches the point at which the villainous baronet is smitten down, when he could assure his Rochdale audience that there must be a great and general fall in rents. Nor must an enemy ever be allowed to claim or obtain justice. That landlords should ask for an inquiry whether they do not bear an unfair share of local taxation seemed to Mr. BRIGHT a piece of arrogant impudence. That in the long run they, and not the farmer, paid these taxes, whether fair or unfair, was quite enough for him. At the lowest he can regard them as a sort of war indemnity imposed on the class that he has conquered. The Church has been only a little less his enemy than the landowners, and he retains in old age the conception of the Church which he imbibed in the antagonistic home of his infancy. He has been young, and now he is old, and he still believes that the ties which bind the Church to the nation are chains forged by despotic monarchs and subtle statesmen and priests. Of no one was it ever more true than of Mr. BRIGHT that the child is the father of the man.

All his qualities—his true concern for the suffering, his earnestness in the expression of his convictions, his devo-

tion to what he terms the progress that is a change for good, his eloquence, his passion, his strange power of breathing new life into moral platitudes, and, at the same time, his pugnacity, his narrowness, his absolute want of elasticity—make up the Mr. BRIGHT with which Rochdale and England have been long familiar. He has brought into the sphere of English political life a new type of English statesmanship, and English political life is all the richer because it possesses this new type. There is nothing disrespectful, even in a moment when honour is being paid to Mr. BRIGHT, in saying that this type is in many respects imperfect. Most types are imperfect, because their limitations are inherent in their nature; and men of remarkable gifts have, as a rule, the defects of their qualities. They are contributions to the intellectual or moral wealth of a nation, not ideals or examples. England would be very dull if every town was a copy of Rochdale, and very destitute of political fertility if every statesman was moulded after the pattern of Mr. BRIGHT. This is not, of course, the way in which types look on themselves, or are looked on by the groups that are specially drawn to them. They are absorbed in a peculiar personality, peculiar aims, and peculiar convictions. Those who are outside cannot forget that they are outside, cannot forbear to apply the test to other standards, and cannot put aside the general history of the country. But this does not in any way prevent the recognition of excellence wherever it is to be found. And in one respect English political leaders are pre-eminently fortunate. They always obtain justice, and perhaps a little more than justice, in the long run. Their merits are remembered longer than their failings. Age, and still more death, softens the picture which their country draws of them. All that Rochdale could say for Mr. BRIGHT, and all that Mr. BRIGHT could claim for himself, will be much more present to the England of to-day, and to the England of some years hence, than what Rochdale did not say, or what Mr. BRIGHT showed in his manner of thanking Rochdale he could not claim. This habit of the national mind may perhaps be carried too far; but it springs from generous instincts, and to idealize departing or departed eminence is far better than wantonly to depreciate it.

SPAIN.

IT may be hoped that no serious dispute will arise between England and Spain with reference to the commercial or territorial claims of the North Borneo Company. Englishmen in general now for the first time hear of an enterprise which, on the showing of its promoters, appears to be legitimate in itself and conformable to precedent. It appears that certain potentates in the north-east of Borneo some time ago ceded to an American Company rights of trading with lands and harbours on which a settlement might be conveniently made. The concession appears not to have been worth even the limited sum for which it was exchanged. The American adventurers may or may not have paid the stipulated price; but they were either unwilling or unable to prosecute the undertaking. Ultimately they disposed of their interest to an English Company principally formed of persons interested in the trade of China. The native rulers have confirmed or renewed the former concession, and the Crown has granted the Company a charter. Such an act of Imperialism would have been indignantly denounced in Lord BEACONSFIELD'S time; but it must be assumed that whatever is done by Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues is right, and it is satisfactory to find that the expansive tendencies of the English nation are not yet exhausted. Similar Companies have in former times laid the foundation of English sovereignty in many parts of the world. Only two or three years ago Mr. GLADSTONE lamented that the New Zealand Company had in the last generation virtually compelled the Government to form the islands into an English colony. The substitution of a flourishing and civilized community which will hereafter number millions for a scanty population of cannibals naturally appeared to Mr. GLADSTONE an inadequate return for even a moderate expenditure of money. It is not known whether at a later period he shared the violent indignation of Mr. CORBEN and Mr. BRIGHT against Sir JAMES BROOKE'S establishment at Sarawak. A possible extension of English trade and influence in another part of the great island of Borneo might, if the charter had not been granted, have been

thought incompatible with the policy of the present Government.

It seems that the Spaniards, who have large interests in the Malay Archipelago as owners of the Philippine Islands, formerly made a treaty with the Sultan of SULU, who is one of the vendors under whom the North Borneo Company claims. No Spanish grantee has taken possession of any territory which may have been nominally ceded; and it is not impossible that the same lands may have been sold twice over. Uncivilized despots are not always careful to distinguish between property and sovereignty, and their registers of title are imperfectly kept. Thirty or forty years ago it pleased Lord PALMERSTON to maintain or recognize a potentate in the neighbourhood of Honduras who was called King of the Mosquito Coast. An English Consul-General who assisted him in the exercise of his authority could not prevent him from alienating whole provinces to English masters of trading vessels, who invited him on board for the purpose of plying him with whisky and brandy. The donees found a difficulty in reducing their grants into possession, as there were neither maps nor laws of real property in the Mosquito country, and as the same lands were generally sold or given to the latest comer, without regard to former conveyances. Ultimately the Government of the United States, which had never recognized the Mosquito King, induced Lord PALMERSTON or his successors to abandon the fictitious monarchy; and the numerous claimants found that their grants were worth less than the modest price which they had paid in the form of spirituous liquors. It would seem a proper subject of diplomatic ingenuity to adjust by some reasonable compromise the respective claims of Spain and England in Borneo. The Sulu SULTAN has no reasonable pretension to the sovereignty of the whole island, and there must be room for the trade of more than one European country. If international law were consistent with natural justice and with common sense, all civilized States would promote, as far as possible, the extension of the only hospitable Empire in the world. English Crown Colonies are open to the trade of all nations, while other States found or keep colonies for the sole purpose of exercising commercial monopoly. It is only when responsible government and democracy supersede Imperial administration that ignorant selfishness takes the place of national policy.

It is the more desirable to avoid any occasion of quarrel with Spain, because there seems to be some hope of an improvement of commercial relations. The present Government, for the first time in many years, inclines to reduce the tariff; and it is understood that the restrictions on English commerce would be relaxed if some concession were made to the reasonable or plausible demands of the Spanish wine-growers. If the negotiations with France should fail to result in the conclusion of a commercial treaty, some alteration of the wine duties would almost certainly follow. On the other hand, a stipulated reduction of the duties on French wines would not prevent the reconsideration of the theory which has operated unfavourably to Spanish and Portuguese produce. The alcoholic test, or rather the scale on which it is applied, has never formed a part of the agreement between England and France. From 1860 downwards the English Government or Parliament was always at liberty to alter or abolish the scale, which has indeed been maintained by Mr. GLADSTONE, or in deference to his authority by Ministers of the opposite party. From time to time Mr. GLADSTONE has contended that the receipts from duties on spirits would be injuriously affected if advantages were given to the alcoholic element in Spanish wines. Many wine-merchants and other firms professionally acquainted with the subject-matter have differed from Mr. GLADSTONE; and the Spanish Government has uniformly regarded the differential duties as a serious grievance. It is of course an error to suppose that the privileges accorded to light Bordeaux wines are in any degree due to a preference for French over Spanish interests; but the impartiality of English legislation is doubted in Spain. Large quantities of light Spanish wines are imported through France under a fictitious name at the lower rate of duty. Unskilled critics cannot speak confidently on questions which require technical knowledge for their solution; but opinion seems to incline more and more to acquiescence in the Spanish demands, especially as greater alcoholic strength is not necessarily coincident with superior quality or higher value. As long as the test is maintained it will be im-

possible to convince Spanish negotiators that a larger duty on Spanish wines is consistent with the treatment which is measured by the benefits conferred on the most favoured nation.

Independently of commercial interests, the feeling of England to Spain is neither unfriendly nor disrespectful. Since the restoration of the BOURBON dynasty the country has been uniformly tranquil, and there has been a considerable advance in material prosperity. Contrary to expectation, the insurrection in Cuba has been finally suppressed; and domestic factions have suspended the hostility with which in former times every successive Government was assailed. The advance in political wisdom is faithfully represented and forcibly expressed by the most eloquent of living Spaniards, who has proved his political aptitude by the lessons which he has drawn from experience. SEÑOR CASTELAR was a passionate advocate, not only of the Republican doctrine, which he still holds, but of the expediency of overthrowing monarchical institutions at the earliest opportunity. When unexpected events made him for the time chief of a Republican Government, he at once discarded prejudices which he found to be incompatible with the welfare of the State. Having for a few months ruled as dictator, he has ever since been the chief of a constitutional Opposition. In a late speech he told his party that they must pay the penalty of their refusal to obey, during the continuance of the short-lived Republic, their own chosen leaders. "You would not," he said, "support MARGAL, and now you must submit to SAGASTA." A more general proposition was enforced by an admirable illustration. "Liberty," said CASTELAR, "is like food, but order is the air which we breathe. With insufficient food, or even without food, a man may linger for days, but in the absence of air his life is measured by seconds." It will be a cause for regret if a man of genius and of unimpeachable honour is permanently deterred from taking part in the government of his country by any prejudice against monarchy. If Spain prefers a monarchy to a republic, refusal to acquiesce in the claim of a majority is a mere superstition.

THE ST. PAUL'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

THE relations of the London School Board with the St. Paul's Industrial School, the degree in which the Board were bound to inquire into the management of the school, and the zeal or want of zeal which they displayed in the discharge of such duties as did devolve upon them in this respect, are points which have been fully brought before the public during the past week. The two extreme views upon the first of these points are represented by the Chairman of the Board on the one side and the HOME SECRETARY on the other. Mr. BUXTON contends in word, though not in deed, that the St. Paul's School was not under the Board, that its managers have not been appointed by the Board, and that generally the Board has no more control over this particular school than it has over the forty-seven other industrial schools to which the Board sends children. The HOME SECRETARY replies that the St. Paul's School was in everything but name, to all intents and purposes, a School Board school. It originated in the School Board; most, if not all, the original managers were members of the School Board; of late years the Chairman of the Industrial School Committee of the Board has been the sole manager of the school; and all, or almost all, the children at the school were sent there by the School Board. Mr. BUXTON has conceded quite enough to saddle the Board with a very grave responsibility when he says that the St. Paul's Industrial School stands in the same relation to the Board as any other of the forty-seven industrial schools to which the Board are in the habit of sending children. He will hardly contend that, if in his private capacity he were guardian to a friend's children, he would be under no obligation to satisfy himself as to the truth of grave charges brought against a school in which he had placed them. The London School Board stand to the four thousand children of whom they have taken the charge in the relation of guardian to ward. These children have not been thrown upon their hands by chance. If they had been orphans or deserted children, they would have been taken possession of by the Guardians of the Poor. They are, for the most part, children who have parents or other relatives alive; and the School Board have withdrawn them

from the care of these parents and other relatives and sent them to an industrial school, in many cases for no reason except that they have played truant. We contend, therefore, that, if charges of cruelty are alleged against any one of the forty-seven industrial schools to which children are sent by the London School Board, it is the duty of the Board to satisfy themselves whether these charges have any foundation. If Mr. BUXTON had placed some orphan nephews at school, and heard that they were being ill-treated there, he would scarcely hold himself exempted from any obligation to make inquiry by the circumstance that the school was a public school or a grammar-school, and we fail to see why the London School Board should be excused from the same obligation by the circumstance that an industrial school is a voluntary school. The question is not what sort of school an industrial school is, but whether it is a school to which the London School Board is in the habit of sending children for whose proper bringing up it is responsible. If it is, the responsibility of the Board does not end when they have transferred these children from their own control to that of the school managers. They are bound to remove them if they have any reason to be dissatisfied with the treatment they receive there; and, if they turn a deaf ear to any accusations that may be brought against the school, they cannot possibly know whether they have cause to be satisfied with the treatment or not.

In what way the duty of the School Board towards these children could be best performed was a different question. There was much to be said in behalf of the proposal to refer the matter to the HOME SECRETARY, and much in behalf of the resolution of the Board to institute an inquiry on their own account. The School Board were apparently unwilling to carry out either course to its natural conclusion. They did, it is true, pass a resolution on the 6th of October which in effect laid the burden of making inquiry on the Home Office, and they must by this time have had ample cause to regret that they did not leave matters in this position. At the next meeting, however, they rescinded this resolution, and undertook an inquiry on their own account. This change of front seems to dispose of the later contention that the majority of the Board were of opinion that the matter was one belonging to the HOME SECRETARY and not to the Board. On the 13th of October the HOME SECRETARY was actually seized of the business by the vote of the Board on the previous Thursday. If the Board thought that the HOME SECRETARY was the proper person to conduct the inquiry, why did they show such anxiety to take the matter out of his hands? The answer to this question has been supplied by the letters from Mrs. FENWICK MILLER on the one side and Miss SIMCOX on the other, which have appeared in the *Times*. It is plain that Mrs. SURREY, by whom the charges against the school were brought, belonged to an unpopular minority, and that Mr. SCRUTTON, at whom, in his capacity of sole manager of the school, the charges were virtually levelled, belonged to a popular majority. No one supposes that, if the members of this majority had discovered the condition of the school for themselves, they would have been less anxious to set things to rights than the members of the minority. What they could not endure was that the discovery should have been made by the wrong people. Let it be granted, however, that the minority in which Mrs. SURREY is included deserves the dislike in which it is held by the rest of the Board, and that the motion asking the HOME SECRETARY to take the school in hand was carried—as indeed it is pretty clear from Mrs. FENWICK MILLER's letter that it was—by a bit of sharp practice. This does not alter the fact that, in this particular instance, the unpopular minority was in the right, and that the motion which was only carried by an accidental majority—obtained after the greater part of the members had left the room—was a motion which the Board would have done well to vote unanimously. So anxious, however, were the Board not to have any hand in invoking the action of the Home Office, that on the 13th of October they actually took the trouble to rescind the motion which had been carried the week before, though they had already heard from Mr. LUSHINGTON that the inquiry had been ordered before the arrival of their letter. Thus, as Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT puts it, "the majority of the Board determined 'to take the matter into their own hands, and themselves 'to undertake an investigation . . . at the very time 'that the Home Office had completed its inquiry, and

"recommended the dismissal of the Superintendent, and the reconstitution of the management." If, as Mr. BUXTON contends, it was the business of the HOME SECRETARY, not of the School Board, to investigate the charges brought against the school, why did the Board undertake to do the HOME SECRETARY'S work after the HOME SECRETARY had done it for himself? Mrs. SURE says plainly that it was done "in the hope of clearing Mr. SCRUTTON from the charges brought against his management." She may have mistaken the motive which determined the action of the Board; but, if the Board had wished to give probability to her suggestion, they would only have had to do what they did.

When the Board had made up their minds, for whatever reason, to institute an inquiry of their own into the condition of the school, it might have been thought that they would at least make the investigation complete. This, at all events, was not the view of the Chairman. He draws a distinction between the two objects for which such an inquiry might be instituted, and contends that since what was wanted was reformation, not punishment, there was no need to go on raking up old abuses when once the necessity of some change had been admitted, even by Mr. SCRUTTON himself. We cannot agree with Mr. BUXTON in thus excluding punishment from the ends to be answered by inquiry. On the contrary, the punishment of the Superintendent, supposing that punishment to be deserved, is one of the surest ways of guarding against the repetition of these abuses. Mr. BUXTON is no doubt right in saying that the School Board is not a convenient body to put the Public Prosecutor in motion. But after the HOME SECRETARY had made his inquiry, and had ordered the Superintendent to be dismissed, and the school to be reorganized, reformation was already assured. Either, therefore, there was no good reason why the inquiry should have been begun, or there was no good reason for the Chairman's desire to bring it to a premature end. Except, however, from the point of view of Mr. BUXTON'S reputation for sound logic, it matters very little whether the School Board continue their inquiry or retire from it. The person whose intervention is really needed is the Public Prosecutor. There can be little question that his appearance is only a question of time. If the Superintendent has a good answer to his accusers, a court of justice is the place in which that answer would be most naturally made. As regards Mr. SCRUTTON, he is probably only an unusually striking example of a not uncommon temper. He has supposed that good intentions and readiness to believe what his subordinates tell him are sufficient to make a man a competent manager of an industrial school. That he was satisfied alike with the condition of the school and with his own relation to it is shown by the fact that for years past he has called no meeting of the managers, if, indeed, there be any managers besides himself. He has now apparently seen that, with this grave charge of neglect of duty hanging over his head, he ought not to remain the Chairman of the Industrial Schools Committee of the Board; but the strangest thing in the whole business is that if Mr. SCRUTTON had not made this discovery himself there is no reason to suppose that the School Board would have made it for him.

THE INDIAN COTTON DUTIES.

THE Governor-General of INDIA is at present engaged in making his autumn progress from Simla to Calcutta, visiting by the way such of the principal places of interest as are easily accessible from the direct line of route, and "interviewing" native chiefs, while the members of his Council and the several departments of the Secretariat are taking up their quarters at the capital and preparing for the winter campaign. A considerable proportion of the most important business bearing upon the internal administration of India, and the greater part of the legislation, though much of it is worked up at Simla, is reserved for final disposal at Calcutta; and among the matters which are invariably settled at the latter place are the annual financial estimates, which, whether they involve discussion in the Legislative Council, or whether they are merely promulgated in the form of a Resolution of the Governor-General in Council, are justly deemed to be a branch of public business which can be most fitly dealt with at the commercial capital of the Empire. In

these circumstances it is perhaps not surprising that the Manchester Chamber of Commerce should have deemed the present to be a suitable time for addressing to the Secretary of State for INDIA their annual representation on the expediency of repealing the remainder of the import duties still levied in India upon cotton goods. The reports of the speeches made by the deputation which was received by the SECRETARY of STATE at the India Office on the 11th instant are not very full; but they are sufficiently so to indicate the main lines of argument used on the occasion. The stereotyped assertions as to the boon which the entire removal of the duties would confer upon the people of India, as well as upon the manufacturers of Lancashire, by cheapening the price of the goods to the purchasers, and by imparting a fresh stimulus to commerce, were not omitted; nor did the deputation forget to remind the SECRETARY of STATE that he stood pledged by his speech on the Indian Budget in August last to get rid of the whole of the duties at the earliest possible date. On the main question of the policy of repealing the duties there was no difference of opinion between the deputation and the SECRETARY of STATE. Lord HARTINGTON was not less emphatic than the members of the deputation in affirming that the repeal of the obnoxious taxes was as certain to conduce to the interests of India as to the interests of Lancashire. Indeed it is somewhat difficult to reconcile the SECRETARY of STATE'S utterances on this point with his evident reluctance to commit himself to an early repeal of the duties upon any of the descriptions of goods at present liable to duty other than what are called grey goods. It was obviously right and proper that he should reserve to the Government in India a very full discretion as to the time when it will be financially possible to dispense with the whole of the duties, and therefore he would perhaps have been more prudent had he abstained from committing himself so unreservedly to the position that the repeal of the duties is a measure which is demanded in the interests of the people of India.

In connexion with this question of the economic value to India of the proposed repeal of the duties on cotton, Lord HARTINGTON made some remarks which indicate a misapprehension of facts. He spoke of the impression which for some time past has prevailed in India that the remissions of taxation on cotton goods made in 1878 and 1879 were brought about entirely by the pressure exerted upon the Government of the day by the manufacturers of Lancashire; and then, arguing as if the impression to which he referred, and the opposition which has been offered in India to the repeal of the duties, were entirely attributable to the prevalence of Protectionist opinions in that country, he proceeded to apologize for the existence of such opinions there by observing that when such strange economical doctrines are promulgated in this country, it is not a ground for surprise that public opinion in India should have failed as yet to detect the fallacies of Protection. The answer to these remarks is a very simple one. The particular phase of public opinion to which Lord HARTINGTON refers, and which he deems to be in some degree excused by the remoteness of India from the great centre of Free-trade, has really no prevalence there. As a matter of fact, the great majority of the persons who guide public opinion in India have no sympathy with Protection, and are quite as sound in their economic views as are the majority of those who, during the last five-and-thirty years, have guided public opinion in this country. It is very probable that the owners of the cotton mills at Bombay would like to retain the duties as a protection to their own manufactures, and it is possible that during the last few months the unwise attempts which have been made in various quarters in this country to revive Protection under the guise of Fair-trade may have tinged the writings of the half-educated natives who for the most part conduct the vernacular newspapers in India. But it cannot be said with any sort of reason that the opposition which during the last five years has been offered in India to the repeal of the cotton duties, and which indeed was led by Lord HARTINGTON'S colleague, the Earl of NORTHBROOK, has had any connexion with Protectionist views or theories. Public opinion in India—at all events that public opinion which makes itself heard in this country—is the opinion of the English officials, of the English merchants and barristers and other professional men, of the Anglo-Indian press, and, to a limited extent, of the educated classes of the native community. The general tendency of

that opinion is certainly not to run counter to views generally accepted by English statesmen and economists. The danger usually lies the other way—lest views and opinions and systems suitable for a free country should be indiscreetly applied to a country in which all the conditions are so essentially different. Sir THOMAS MUNRO's remark, penned sixty years ago, that "Every man writes as much as he can and quotes MONTESQUIEU and HUME and ADAM SMITH, and speaks as if we were living in a country where people were free and governed themselves," is not entirely inapplicable to some, at all events, of the English officials in India of the present day. And as to the English merchants in India, their personal interests are so entirely opposed to the retention of any duties on British goods of a really protective character, that when we see them opposing the repeal of import duties, as was done by the Chambers of Commerce at Calcutta and Madras in 1879, we may be certain either that the actual injury to trade caused by the duties has been so far inappreciable, or that the objections to dispensing with them are such as to outweigh the advantage of the relief to trade. The latter was the view taken by the members of the Governor-General's Council who dissented from the reduction of duties carried out in 1879. One of these gentlemen expressly guarded himself against the imputation of sympathizing with "any form of taxation in India which operates in defiance of the fundamental principles of British commercial policy, and fosters local industries by restrictions on other classes of HER MAJESTY'S subjects," basing his opposition to the repeal of the duties entirely on the financial exigencies of the time and on the danger of exciting political discontent by parting with a source of revenue which was not unpopular, with the certainty of having to substitute for it at no very distant date some unpopular form of direct taxation. The other dissents proceeded upon very similar lines, only one of them, that of Mr. WHITLEY STOKES, indicating the slightest tendency to support the duties on the ground of protection; and even here the sort of protection which was incidentally referred to was protection, not against low prices, but against adulterated goods. But this argument found no echo in the Minutes of Mr. STOKES's colleagues, who considered a financial year in which the estimated receipts fell short of the estimated expenditure by more than a million to be an unsuitable time for "parting with or reducing any source of revenue which is so easily realized as the import duty on cotton goods."

The Marquess of HARTINGTON did not fail to condemn the inopportune of the measure ordered by his predecessor, but he omitted to state the real reasons which rendered that measure inopportune; and he passed on at once to the difficulties with which the Government have to contend, owing, as he implied, to the heterodox opinions prevalent in India on the subject of trade. It is not improbable that this view of the case has been impressed upon Lord HARTINGTON's mind; for a suggestion that the whole of the opposition in India to the repeal of the duties originated in protectionist views was put forward at the India Office during the controversy in 1879, although a majority of the Secretary of State's Council on that occasion joined with the dissentient members of the Governor-General's Council in disapproving the action of the Viceroy. But the suggestion is at variance with the facts, and ought not to mislead any one who has studied the history of the question. The truth is that in this matter the leaders of English politics on both sides, acting in deference to what they regard as the exigencies of their respective parties, have taken a course which no prudent statesman would have adopted who considered himself free to deal with the question on its merits. The Indian duties on cotton goods are evidently doomed. The resolution which has just been issued by the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, as announced in the *Times*' telegram on Monday last, shows that the duties on grey goods cannot be retained in their present form. The remainder of those duties will probably be swept away in the next Budget; and, if we may judge of the future from the experience of the past, it is not unsafe to affirm that the surrender of the duties upon the higher classes of goods, to which at the present moment no protective character can be justly assigned, is merely a question of time. With these last-mentioned duties will probably disappear the remainder of the import duties upon other articles of commerce. The meaning of all this is to cut off from the receipt side of the Indian Budget a

source of income which a few years ago yielded an annual revenue of two and a half millions; and if in a few years more the abolitionists of the opium trade are allowed to have their way, the Indian Finance Minister will find his revenue diminished altogether by a sum not far short of eleven millions. These are serious considerations. They seem to us to show that, whatever may be the merits or demerits of the PRIME MINISTER'S "Hands Off" policy in connexion with foreign affairs, it might be most expediently applied to all future assaults upon the Indian Exchequer.

NEW PUBLIC OFFICES.

THE public will be apt to receive the announcement that it is really in contemplation to provide a fresh block of the permanent concentrated Public Offices with the incredulity naturally engendered by a quarter of a century of promise, procrastination, postponement, and ruinous makeshift. Even the present movement has to appeal for its justification to the Report of a Select Committee now four years old, and due to Mr. BAILLIE COCHRANE, in the days of those scapegrace Tories, when the death of Sir JAMES LINDSAY and the dangerous illness of Lord EUSTACE CECIL had concentrated a little languid attention on the sanitary shortcomings of the War Office in Pall Mall. If the condition of the War Office as exposed by that inquiry justified the worst surmises, an equally disgraceful state of things was shown to exist at the Admiralty, which had long overgrown its stately, but inconvenient, House of Pillars in Whitehall; and, after having established and disestablished a colony in Somerset House, had annexed, with a due regard to their especial unfitness for official purposes, a whole town of private houses in Spring Gardens.

So it is a War Office and an Admiralty which we are now to have, and Mr. LEFEVRE deserves much commendation for reaching this conclusion. Mr. COCHRANE's Committee abstained from pledging itself to a special site; but the drift of its Report virtually left the choice open between two, either of which, after those long years of waiting, the United Services and the public in general would very thankfully accept from a paternal Government. One was the familiar Great George Street site, reaching up to the new Foreign Office, at which so many successive Governments have been nibbling in the way of petty purchases made in the most expensive happy-go-lucky fashion which officialism could devise. The other one, also in the neighbourhood of Whitehall and of St. James's Park, may be generally described as the actual Admiralty, with its cartilage, comprising the beehive of temporary offices about Spring Gardens, and reaching up to BIDDLEPH's Bank. The last-named area is the one selected for the two offices, which will thus be constructed in proximity to each other and to the Horse Guards; the War Office immediately adjoining the latter, and the Admiralty standing to the northward. In passing, let us drop a word of congratulation on the collapse of the mischievous delusion which was at one time egging our authorities on to the resolve of building at least the War Office upon the Embankment at the bottom of Whitehall Place.

The official announcement which has been sent to the newspapers concludes with a sentence which has, we conclude, been modelled, as far as the difference of language permits, upon M. GAMBETTA's programme. "It is intended that the architectural features of the new building shall be subordinate to its main purpose of a great public office, and not the determining course [cause] of its interior arrangements; but the frontage to Whitehall, and to the Parade, and that looking up the Mall, will afford opportunities for well-proportioned and handsome facades." This rather meaningless outburst of pompous commonplaces has put the *Times* into a condition of hilarious excitement so dangerous as absolutely to impair our contemporary's memory—we hope not for long. "Lord PALMERSTON," it exclaims, "was amply justified in declaring that he would 'have nothing mediæval' when the new Foreign Office was built; and Mr. BARRY's building, though it is open to criticism on many grounds, 'is at least not absurd.'" This is pleasant news from Fairyland; but the whole world, we should imagine, with the one exception of the *Times*, knows that the Foreign Office was not built by Mr. BARRY, but by Sir GILBERT

SCOTT. The story of the Battle of Styles over that architect, whom both sides accepted, and who was willing, with differing feelings, to serve either, is not so obscure nor so very far off as to have become one of the things which had better be forgotten by the critic who claims to instruct us in the history of London architecture.

In itself the statement involves so obvious a truism as to lead to the well-grounded inquiry, why was it put there? Every Minister, every Committee of Judges, and every architect who has ever been concerned about any public building has pronounced, and we have little doubt in good faith, that the main purpose of that building should be its "determining course [cause]." Successive conditions of competition or tender for offices or law courts have been burdensomely fussy on this head, and if the result has not in all cases responded to the trouble taken, the misadventure must not be sought in the deficient good will, but in the incapacity of those who were responsible for the failure. Why, then, this superfluous profession of good intentions which no man was prepared to challenge? The virtue is too ostentatious not to be suspicious, and the declaration, coming from official lips, too goody not to lead to the inference that something unexplained must be lurking behind. Cynical bystanders who think they can read between the lines may be tempted to offer their revised version of the paragraph in these terms. "The offices will be planned and carried out by 'the officials of the department, without inviting the aid of any trained and eminent architect, and then it will be easy to stick some details taken from the stock books 'kept in the office upon the two principal fronts.'" People have not, we hope, forgotten the Post Office fiasco, when the gigantic annexe provided on the other side of St. Martin's-le-Grand by the official surveyor proved to be so deplorably commonplace and ugly that Mr. FERGUSSON was called in in hot haste to overlay it with something deserving of the name of architecture. The world has been moving fast since those days, and the time may have come when it was considered safe to adventure a similar experiment on public patience.

SMOKE.

THE Exhibition of smoke-consuming apparatus which has so long been promised will soon be opened, and this prospect gives unusual interest to part of Sir FREDERICK BRAMWELL's address as Chairman of the Council of the Society of Arts. There is no question upon which it is more necessary to be sure of the facts before attempting to deal further with it by legislation. Nothing would be gained by adding another example to the list already too long of statutes which enforce directions which are not obeyed by penalties which are not inflicted. If we wish to avoid this, we must be very careful not to rest the case on wrong grounds, or defend a smoke-prevention Act by arguments derived from a state of things which exists only in imagination.

Sir FREDERICK BRAMWELL dismisses very peremptorily the common theory that, if manufacturers did but know their own interest, they would make their furnaces consume all the smoke they produce. This notion rests on the supposed fact that, if a manufacturer allows smoke to escape from his chimney, he must be wasting a large quantity of solid fuel. Instead of passing into his furnace as heat it passes into the atmosphere as smoke. Some slight doubt has always rested upon this statement, since, if it were true, it is strange that so few manufacturers should be sufficiently alive to their own interest as to introduce the necessary improvements into their furnaces. When all allowance has been made for the difficulty of getting sufficiently intelligent men to feed the new apparatus properly, and for the higher wages which a careful stoker would be able to command, it seems hardly likely that, if there were nothing but the ordinary dislike of change to be overcome, more manufacturers would not have been found to try the experiment. Sir FREDERICK BRAMWELL makes it clear why they have not done so. The prevention of smoke depends almost universally on a very free admission of air above the fuel. When this is secured, the combustion of smoke will be easy; but it is by no means certain that by this means an unnecessary amount of air will not be passed through the fire. In this way the manufacturer would undoubtedly save the few pounds per ton of unconsumed

carbon which now pass into the air as smoke; but in doing so he would sustain a much greater loss of heat. Consequently Sir FREDERICK BRAMWELL is not at all sure that a manufacturer who declines to alter his furnaces, and risks all the penalties the law can denounce against him, is so great a fool as is commonly thought. He would not get as much heat from his coal by the new apparatus as he gets from it by clinging to the old. He would burn up every atom of the coal he uses, instead of, as now, allowing a fraction to escape unconsumed; but the heat produced by the coal thus thoroughly burnt up would be less than that produced by the imperfectly consumed coal.

This is certainly bad news for all of us who are not manufacturers. So long as it could be pointed out to manufacturers that it was their own pockets, not the lungs or eyes of their neighbours, that they were asked to think of, there was at least a chance that the desire to save money would in the end overpower the dislike to change which makes even the substitution of new furnaces for old a matter of genuine annoyance. But, if Sir FREDERICK BRAMWELL is right, the appeal to self-interest must for the future be given up. The manufacturer who consumes his own smoke may be more patriotic and disinterested than his neighbours, but he is not necessarily wiser than they. Consequently, when the Legislature insists upon his making such alterations in his furnaces as will prevent the smoke from passing unconsumed into the air, it is not simply compelling him to consult his own pocket. Instead of being in the end a richer man for obeying the law, he may really be a poorer one. We do not say that the Legislature ought for that reason to forego making its appeal. A man has no right to create a nuisance because he is richer by reason of it. The question is really one of degree. The point to be considered is whether the gain to the community will be greater from the suppression of the nuisance or from the continuance of the industry which gives rise to it. There are trades so important that the country cannot afford to see them hampered by the restrictions which can alone make them really harmless. For example, Sir FREDERICK BRAMWELL told the Society of Arts that the by-products of gas manufacture are becoming so valuable that it will shortly become doubtful whether these products should not be considered as the primary object of manufacture, and the gas itself as the by-product. In dealing with an industry of which this can be said, it is plainly impossible to think only of the persons who are annoyed by the smoke given out in the production of gas. Some process of give and take must be resorted to which may ensure that, if the smoke cannot be altogether done away with, it shall at least be brought within due bounds. The more difficult, however, it is found to interfere with existing industries, the more essential it is not recklessly to increase their number. The injury done by the introduction of smoke, or of the chemical vapours which are often far worse than smoke, into a neighbourhood which has hitherto been free from them, is far greater than can be done by their multiplication in a neighbourhood which is already familiar with them. In the latter case the inhabitants are in a measure acclimatized to the nuisance, and they have often gone to live in the district of their own free choice. In the former case the evil comes upon temperaments that have not been trained to endure it, and upon people who have fixed themselves in the district with no thought that it would be polluted in this way. It would be no hardship for Parliament to say that no manufactories shall be set up in a neighbourhood where they do not already exist, unless the owners would consent to use the most effective apparatus for consuming their own smoke. In this way, if the law did nothing to clear the sky or restore vegetation, it would, at all events, do nothing to destroy them where they are still to be found.

As regards domestic fires, Sir FREDERICK BRAMWELL alleges another objection to the use of smoke-consuming grates. In a dwelling-house he seems to think that the alternative lies between close stoves and open fireplaces, and he gives a weighty reason for preferring the open fireplace to the close stove, notwithstanding the injury which its employment inflicts upon the atmosphere. "The natural man," he says, "especially if he is poor, sparingly fed, and insufficiently clothed, objects to ventilation because he fears 'draughts.'" With an open fire he must have at least so much ventilation as will allow the smoke to go

up the chimney. If he used a close stove, he would be able to close up his rooms much more completely against draughts, and the more accustomed he grew to the greater heat thereby produced, the more disinclined he would be to lessen it by letting in the outer air. Sir FREDERICK BRANWELL maintains that the inhabitants of London, smoky as the air they breathe may be, have a healthier look than the inhabitants of cities where the atmosphere is far clearer, but where, from the use of close stoves, there is no efficient ventilation. If we can get a clear atmosphere with ventilation, by all means let us have it. But, if the choice lies between breathing abundance of smoky air and breathing very little clear air, Sir FREDERICK BRANWELL is in favour of the former alternative. It is an original and suggestive way of stating the case, and it is to be hoped that the Exhibition which is shortly to begin may produce some invention which, while preventing the waste of fuel in domestic grates, may not sacrifice the free ventilation which that waste has hitherto secured.

ROSMINI.

IT is certainly strange, as a writer in the *Fortnightly Review* observes, that the life of so remarkable a man as Antonio Rosmini should have remained till now unwritten. It is no doubt partly due, as he suggests, to the fact that Rosmini, while conspicuous alike as a patriot, philosopher, and Church reformer, "had the misfortune to be, on the one hand, a Catholic priest; and, on the other, an Italian"; while moreover he incurred, as a Catholic priest, the suspicion of Italian patriots, and as a liberal and reforming priest the more than suspicion of the party headed by the Jesuits and their friends which was dominant in the Church under the late Pope. To these more general drawbacks may be added, as helping to account for his name being so little familiar in England, that philosophical speculation does not usually attract any special interest, for its own sake, in this country, and it is chiefly as a philosophical thinker that Rosmini will be permanently remembered beyond the limits of his own communion. We believe it is true, though Mr. Davidson, the author of the article referred to, does not say so, that an English translation of his more important works is now in course of preparation by members of his Order, and this when completed will no doubt both deserve and command the attention of competent critics. Meanwhile there is much worth noting in the character and career of Rosmini, apart from the twenty-four bulky volumes, the various essays and ascetical works, and the 10,000 letters which attest his literary activity. In the immediate objects to which his life was devoted he must be said in the main to have failed, though his failure may well be counted preferable to what many men would deem success; how far his wider schemes for renewing the intellectual and moral energies of his Church may yet bear fruit it would be premature to determine. In some respects his position may seem to bear a superficial resemblance to the later experiences of Father Curci, but there is little really in common between them beyond an earnest and honest desire to promote the cause of spiritual progress and reform. Curci during the greater part of his life was a Jesuit of the most reactionary type, and for many years conductor of the *Civiltà Cattolica*, whereas Rosmini had been from his boyhood a keen philosophical inquirer, and entered the priesthood with the deliberate aim of doing all that in him lay to reform abuses in the current theological teaching and political action of the Church. At the same time he was from first to last strictly submissive to ecclesiastical authority; and while he desired the unity of Italy, according to his own programme, was not prepared to contemplate the sacrifice of the temporal power of the Pope, though it is of course quite possible that further experience and observation—he died in 1855—might have materially modified his views on this and other political questions of the day. But his great object was to penetrate to the fundamental principles of political no less than of philosophical and theological science, and among his earliest essays were those eventually amplified into the two large works on the *Philosophy of Right* and the *Philosophy of Politics*. But for any practical application of his principles whether in Church or State he was dependent on the concurrence—which at one time he had good grounds for reckoning upon—of Pius IX., and it is not the least part of the interest attaching to his chequered course that it sheds so curious a light at once on the better and the worse side of the peculiarities of that strange pontificate.

Antonio Rosmini was born of a noble Italian family, at Rovereto in the Tyrol, in 1797, and was therefore nearly fifty years old at the accession of Pius IX.; but his previous life had been very far from an inactive one. He was ordained priest in 1821, and for several years before and after his ordination devoted himself to the diligent study, not only of Christian fathers and schoolmen, but of the Greek philosophers, and of such modern authorities as Leibnitz, Kant, Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel among the Germans; Descartes and Condillac among the French; Reid, Stewart, and Locke among English writers. In 1826, when in his thirtieth year, he removed from Rovereto to Milan, in order to take steps for beginning his great work, which comprised, as we have seen, the

intellectual reform of the current theological education by supplying for it a sounder philosophical basis, and the ecclesiastical and political regeneration of Italy and of the Church, which last design was to be aided by the institution of a new Order, destined to serve as the haven of future society. During his two years at Milan accordingly he published the first of his *Opuscoli Filosofici*, and took counsel with his energetic friend and coadjutor, Father Löwenbruck, as to the foundation of the contemplated Order. From Milan he went in 1828 to Domodossola, where there is now one of the principal houses and novitiates of the "Institute of Charity," as it is technically termed, and stayed several months there in almost entire solitude, which he employed in drawing up his Rule and continuing his philosophical labours. To Domodossola he again returned in 1830 after spending a year and a half in Rome, where he received friendly welcome and encouragement from the successive Popes Leo XIII. and Pius VIII., and formed an intimate acquaintance with Cardinal Cappellari, afterwards Gregory XVI. His reputation was at once established by the appearance during this period of his *New Essay on the Origin of Ideas* in four volumes, which soon became a text-book in ecclesiastical seminaries, even those conducted by the Jesuits, who had not yet seen reason to suspect the heretical virus which they found it convenient later on to discover there. The new Order was regularly founded and domiciled in 1830, both at Domodossola and Trent, by invitation of the Bishop, though not yet formally approved at Rome. But in proportion as Rosmini became better known, his reforming zeal roused the suspicions of the Austrian Government, and in 1837 he removed to the lovely village of Stresa, on the Lago Maggiore, in Italian territory, where a large house of his Order still crowns the hill. Two years later the formal authorization of the Holy See was accorded to his new Society. For the next ten years there was little to disturb the even tenor of Rosmini's life and literary labours, except the somewhat vehement attack of Gioberti on his "philosophical errors," to which he replied with force and dignity. But in 1848, the year of revolutions, the final and most troubled period of his life began. Hitherto he had studiously avoided or declined all ecclesiastical preferment, nor had he ever cared to remind his old and intimate friend Pope Gregory XVI. of his promise to give him a house for the Order in Rome. But now Gregory XVI. was gathered to his fathers, and a new Pope, the idol of young Italy, and seemingly the very man to carry out Rosmini's projects of liberal reform, reigned in his stead. When, therefore, he was requested by Cardinal Castracane to draw up a plan of a Constitution to be submitted to the Pope, he did not hesitate to respond to an invitation so entirely harmonizing with his own strong belief in the merits of constitutional government.

It is not necessary to examine in detail here the form of Rosmini's *Constitution in Accordance with Social Justice*, with an appendix on Italian Unity, which never attained even a passing historical importance, as Pius IX. had already, before receiving it, granted a Constitution to his subjects, in some respects differing very widely from it. A greater importance attaches, both in itself and from the circumstances, to the little work published about the same time on the *Five Wounds of Holy Church*, the title and main purport of which at least will be familiar to our readers. Suffice it to say here, that Rosmini wished the bishops to be elected by the clergy and laity of the diocese, and to hold frequent synods, and take a more active and personal part in the training and supervision of their clergy; while he desired to see a much more efficient system of instruction of the laity in religious knowledge, and the substitution of the vernacular for Latin in the public services of the Church. This work was read in manuscript by Pius IX., and was in fact published, though Mr. Davidson does not tell us so, by his express order and at the pontifical press at Perugia. Rosmini at the same time came to Rome, nominally as Ambassador Extraordinary from the Piedmontese Government, who were anxious just then to secure the sanction and co-operation of the Pope in their conflict with Austria. This office, however, which was never much to his taste, as his views were not in thorough accord with those of the Ministry at Turin, he resigned after two months, but remained in Rome, where the Pope had received him most graciously and formally notified his intention of making him a Cardinal. But the brief drama of Papal liberalism, and with it Rosmini's day of grace at Rome, was rapidly hastening to a close. It had been determined to make him Secretary of State in Rossi's Ministry, when on November 15, 1848, Rossi was brutally assassinated, and shortly afterwards followed the Pope's flight to Gaëta, whither Rosmini, with more fidelity than discretion, followed him. It is idle now to inquire how far the catastrophe might have been averted if Pius IX. had been willing to be guided sooner and more thoroughly by the counsels of Rosmini, who had strongly condemned his refusal to allow the Papal troops to take part in the war against Austria. After the murder of Rossi and the flight to Gaëta the opportunity for conciliation was past, and the pontiff, frightened and perplexed, turned to very different advisers. Antonelli, who had always been jealous of Rosmini, naturally enough used all his influence now to get him out of the way, in which he was heartily seconded by the King of Naples, who had his own reasons for distrusting so ardent and single-minded a reformer. In January 1849 Rosmini quitted Gaëta for Naples, and on his return four months afterwards met with so cold a reception from the Pope that he made but a short stay, and in the following October retired to his old home at Stresa, where the next and last six years of his life were spent in

peace, but thenceforth his political career was at an end. Nor was this all. We have seen that the Pope had publicly announced his intention of raising him to the purple at the next promotion, but this design was equally offensive to his political and theological enemies, the Austrian Government and the Jesuits, whose influence was now paramount at Rome. Pius accordingly allowed himself to be induced, by a wholly unprecedented and we may hope unwilling stretch of prerogative, to revoke the nomination, and not only so, but also to allow both Rosmini's constitutional work, composed for his own guidance at the express request of Cardinal Castracane, and the *Cinque Piaghe*, published by his own command after he had read and approved it, to be condemned by the Congregation of the Index. It is true that the Pope, to do him justice, refused to go further than this, and that when the Jesuits professed to have detected all sorts of damnable heresies in Rosmini's works, he first enjoined silence upon them till a full examination had taken place, and eventually issued a sentence of entire acquittal from the charge. This tardy suppression however of an indictment equally malignant and preposterous, aimed as well at his nascent Institute as at his voluminous works, only came about a year before his death, on July 1, 1855. It has not, of course, diminished, though it has partially disarmed, the hostility of his Jesuit assailants, but the Order has flourished in spite of them, and has spread both in Italy and in England, where it has planted several colleges and religious communities. The rule is more elastic than that of the older Religious Orders, allowing more of individual liberty to its members, and being designed rather to further the parochial and educational work of the Church than to enforce a rigid monasticism. It is perhaps on this account that, out of the founder's own country, it has found acceptance chiefly, if not exclusively, in England. Whether his philosophical system will find equal acceptance here, when presented in an English dress, remains to be seen, and is too wide a question to enter upon at the end of an article. But it is noteworthy that his Protestant, or apparently Agnostic, critic in the *Fortnightly Review* accords to it high praise as "in very many respects the most profound that has yet appeared and the best adapted for bringing intelligent harmony into the present chaos of conflicting opinions." He considers it indeed "better fitted than any other weapon to be," as its author meant it to be, "the Excalibur of the Catholic Church," but to his own judgment it commends itself, not in consequence but in spite of its "theological drawbacks," as being "by far the noblest original monument of human thought reared by any one person in modern times, towering above even those of Kant, Hegel, and Comte."

INTERNATIONAL BODY-SNATCHING.

SOME American citizens seem to have a singular love of disintering dead bodies and removing them from the places where they were deposited by the friends and relations of the departed. It is not long since all that was mortal of the late Mr. Stewart, a successful tradesman, was secretly dug up and carried off, nor are we aware that the relics have even now been recovered and restored. Mr. Stewart was probably by descent a Scotchman, yet we deem it an improbable theory that Professor Blackie and other Caledonian patriots have combined to remove his ashes to the land of the mountain and the flood. Some of the inhabitants of Pennsylvania, however, are eager to carry the bones of William Penn from their English grave to the State which Penn founded, and to bury them in the midst of a city where it is supposed that their presence will raise the moral tone of the public. There is something of ancient Greek sentiment in this proposal. About the time of the Persian—or was it the Peloponnesian war?—an oracle commanded the Athenians to bring back the mighty bones of their great local hero, Theseus, and to bury them in Athenian soil. According to the tradition, Theseus died in exile in Syros, and his posthumous restoration to Attica was a kind of amends to his memory. In the same way the removal of the dust of Dante from

the tomb
On Ravenna sands, in the shade
Of Ravenna pines,

to Florence, would be a kind of dilatory amends made by that city to the memory of her most illustrious exile. The reinterment of Napoleon in Paris was the most famous modern example of an honourable disturbance of the repose of the dead. All these are examples of the restoration of an exile to the country which regrets him. We can understand the French sentiment about Napoleon:—

Though more than half the world was his,
He died without a rood his own,
And borrowed from his enemies
Six foot of ground to lie upon.

So Thackeray rhymed. And it was natural that the French should wish to transport their hero from a remote and hostile island to the capital of the nation which, for a moment of historic time, he made the foremost in the world.

The Pennsylvanian desire to bring back the ashes of Penn to Pennsylvania does not seem to us to have quite the same sentimental excuse. Penn, after all, was an Englishman, and he died in his own country, among his own people, among friends of his own religion. Among them, too, he was buried. "He is surrounded by his two wives and five children, and many of his most intimate friends," say the trustees of "Jordan's Estate," the plot

of ground in which Penn is interred. A Buckinghamshire man and a Quaker, he is buried in a Quaker burial-ground, in a quiet field of his native land. Why should he not be allowed to remain there, especially as the members of the Society of Friends and the trustees of the cemetery are anxious that his grave and the grave of his wives should not be violated, even by the pious hands of Pennsylvanians? We confess that we think the circumstances which justify interference with the last resting-places of men are rare; and it is not without regret that we read of invasions even of ancient barrows, and of modern pickaxes at work above the sleeping head of the King of Men.

The Pennsylvanians, or some of them, including the Mayor and Council of Philadelphia, take a different view of the case. The Hon. George L. Harrison, who came to England as representative of Pennsylvania, has published a pamphlet, in which he argues his case and produces a number of documents. Mr. Harrison complains that "newspaper influence has been allowed on one side, to the partial exclusion of the other." The fact is that both he and his opponents, the Trustees of Jordan's Meeting House, have written letters on the topic of Penn's remains in the *Times*. The rather unhappy thought of removing Penn's body from England to America occurred, two or three years ago, to a Philadelphia citizen resident in England. "The same party," as Mr. Harrison says, badgered the United States Minister and the President of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, and at last moved the Legislature of the State. We very much wish this Philadelphia citizen had sought out some less invidious method of displaying his burning patriotism. He might have known that Englishmen personally interested in Penn would oppose the project of tampering with his grave, and he might have inferred that—whatever lustre might be reflected on himself—the goodwill of the two countries would not be increased by the incident. The Legislature of Pennsylvania, however, and the Mayor and Council of Philadelphia, were convinced that it was desirable to transplant their founder from the country in which he was born and died to that in which he became illustrious. The Honourable George L. Harrison, of Phila. Pa., was appointed as Commissioner, or Agent, and received credentials to Mr. Lowell from the U. S. Secretary of State. We should like, by the way, to know what Mr. Lowell thinks of the whole transaction; his opinion is not referred to by Mr. Harrison. The "credentials" were signed on June 11. The Luton and Leighton Society of Friends held their monthly meeting at Jordan's Meeting House on June 2. They disapproved of the American idea, of which they had heard, and gave notice of their opposition to the Governor of Pennsylvania. Mr. Littleboy, Chairman of the Committee of Friends, was informed, on June 27, that the Honourable George L. Harrison was coming to England as the Governor's representative to confer with all who were concerned in the question. Mr. Harrison arrived in London, and passed a fortnight in "ascertaining what was the true judgment of judicious Englishmen on the subject," and in other business. How he selected his judicious Englishmen we do not know. But we do know, on his own evidence, that he took the opinion of a solicitor "that the claim cannot be maintained"—the claim, namely, of the English Trustees to prevent Penn's grave from being disturbed. But we are going on too fast. A week before Mr. Harrison met the English Trustees, they printed a circular, stating that "the application had been received, had been carefully considered in a dispassionate and cosmopolitan spirit, and had been refused from a sense of duty." When Mr. Harrison did meet the Trustees, he "objected to this paper and stated that he should answer it." But, immediately after the meeting, the circular "was forthwith published in the *London Times*, in a manner which could not fail to mislead the public on both sides of the Atlantic." This is the great grievance of Mr. Harrison. His complaint, as far as we understand it, is that his "application" was refused before his application was received. Obviously the Trustees made up their minds from the moment of their meeting early in June that they would not accede to the desire of the Pennsylvanian patriots. Perhaps there was a certain *brusquerie* in this action of the members of the Society of Friends. But we confess that Mr. Harrison's letter to them (July 16) is rather irritating. He tells the Trustees that he knows why they object, and, "as far as sympathy with a sentiment can operate, I am altogether one with them." "Sympathy with a sentiment" is good; as if the whole scheme for transplanting Penn were not the child of sentiment—unless, indeed, it had a less reputable birth, and was begotten by conceit on desire of notoriety. But we need not take that view. The desire to get hold of Penn's body is, at best, purely sentimental. But Mr. Harrison readily sets aside the mere sentimentalism which prefers that Penn's body should lie where it was laid by his friends, among his dead kinsfolk. Quakers are a peaceful people; but Mr. Harrison's condescending reference to their "sentiment" would annoy the meekest of men. He went on, with amazing coolness, to say that he was compelled to "forego emotional influences in behalf of the public advantage." Why, the "public advantage" simply means, in this case, a great emotional function in Philadelphia, with Mr. Harrison in the thick of it! He went on to assure the Trustees that, in a solicitor's opinion, they had no claim "to have the legal custody of the remains of Penn." Then, who has their legal custody? May American sentimentalists come over here, and dig up any corpse on which they set their emotional affections? We cannot but think that the people of Pennsylvania have chosen a very indiscreet "Commissioner" in the Honourable George L. Harrison.

Their desire to possess the remains of their founder is intelligible, and, in its way, pious. We do not feel sure that most Englishmen would wish to balk them if the Trustees of Penn's burying-place made no objection, for Penn was a genuine *oikouris*. But it is a different thing when a gentleman from America appears, sniffs at your "sentiment" and "emotions," and assures you that you have no claim to the legal custody of the bodies of your dead. Mr. Harrison in the same letter lets out that Penn has a descendant in America, who "was most eager for the realization" of the scheme "until he failed to obtain the official right to effect it." When the descendant discovered that he was not to have the benefit of the advertisement and the advantage of the notoriety, he changed his mind. We do not like this scheme, nor the scheming which it seems to involve.

The meeting between Mr. Harrison and the Trustees was held on July 18, and the Trustees read their circular (which they had already printed) as a reply to Mr. Harrison's "application." He objected to all this as "premature." The Trustees sent a letter to the *Times*, saying that they had first heard Mr. Harrison, and then handed him their reply, which was printed, we repeat, before they saw him. The reply stated that the "application made on behalf of the Governor and Legislature of Pennsylvania" had been received, and they gave their reasons for refusing. They thought Penn would prefer the silent society of his friends and relatives to the *pompes funèbres* of Philadelphia. Pomp, circumstance, and the chance of military parade are things which Mr. Penn was known to dislike. Besides, it is more than doubtful whether his bones could be identified. "Praise God Tompkins" might occupy the mausoleum in Philadelphia, as a mistaken Molière was placed in the Pantheon during the French Revolution. Many other reasons were given in favour of letting Penn rest where he lies. Mr. Harrison now wrote "a card" to the *Times*, complaining of the conduct of the Trustees. The Chairman of the Trustees replied that, on June 27th, he received a letter from the private secretary of the Governor of Pennsylvania with an account of the Pennsylvanian project in detail. "The Trustees at once prepared their reply, which was handed to Mr. Harrison on the 18th inst." Mr. Harrison wrote once more to the *Times*: he pointed out that Penn's remains could be identified by their lead coffin, and that the Pennsylvanians were ready to let their proposal depend on its acceptance by Penn's descendants—an offer refused by the secretary of the Trustees. Mr. Harrison added, in effect, that Penn was a public man, and that the utilization of the bones of public men was for the public advantage. He said a State like Pennsylvania had a better claim than "any mere religious society." Why don't the Pennsylvanians send over to Rome for a consignment of martyrs? "A mere religious society" has no claims as against a State like Pennsylvania. Mr. Harrison went on to say that, "until they were wanted in America," no one cared very much about Penn's remains. The idea of Penn being "wanted" is comic, and it is also comic to find Mr. Harrison saying that the Society of Friends, in not giving Pennsylvania what she wants, "take issue against all the world." Mr. Harrison wrote other letters to various people. He said that the decision of the question does not rest with the Trustees of Jordan's burial plot. "The remains of William Penn are not, legally, in their custody, if the opinions of eminent counsel in England and America are reliable." We do not in England call a solicitor (whom Mr. Harrison consulted) "eminent counsel." If Mr. Harrison wants dead bodies, he should ask more prettily. If any one thinks that the friendly relations between England and America will be strengthened by Mr. Harrison's way of asking for dead bodies, he greatly errs. Probably a number of notable Englishmen are buried in America; many fell in our old wars. We do not want to dig them up; and we trust that the Philadelphians do not approve of the letters of their representative, Mr. Harrison. May it be long before any other State "feels like wanting" some dust from Westminster Abbey or some bones from a country churchyard. They are much more welcome to a cast of a statue of Mr. Gladstone.

MR. CAIRD ON THE LAND QUESTION.

THE remarkable address which Mr. Caird delivered on Tuesday to the Statistical Society is perhaps the most important result of the attempt at agitation in England and Scotland which has followed the Irish Land Act. Mr. Caird's light is perhaps not exactly dry light—it has yet to be discovered where that kind of light exists—but it is very nearly dry. If Mr. Caird still worships some of the old idols of land reformers, if he attaches disproportionate value to such things as the abolition of settlements and the like, which could in any case only influence agriculture, in the way he thinks, in a very small degree, and at the end of a long course of years, he is free from the vulgar delusions of the theoretical land-law tinkers. He does not think that there is in England a "law of primogeniture," enjoining on every landowner to leave his land undivided to his eldest son; and he does not believe that if this mythical law of primogeniture were repealed, British agriculture would at once spring up and flourish, regardless of bad seasons and foreign competition. While he is thus proof against at least some of the delusions of the merely political reformers who wish to use land reform as a convenient political instrument, he is no less free from the views with which the Farmers' Alliance have made their

bold stroke for a slice of their landlords' property. He goes, indeed, further than unprejudiced critics are likely to follow him in the train of Mr. Gladstone by advocating, not merely compensation for improvements (of which no one seriously contests the propriety if the improvements have been made with the consent of the landlord), but an indefinite compensation for the tenant's "interest in his tenure." But this may be considered to be a concession to the new views, just as Mr. Caird's fondly-cherished belief in the malignant influence of settlements is a concession to the old. Between these two, and constituting by far the larger part of the address, are to be found what may be called the results of Mr. Caird's experience and reason as distinguished from the contributions made by his political and economical prejudices. They are exceedingly valuable, and it is not surprising that those who wish to make political capital out of the land question have been very lukewarm in their acknowledgments of Mr. Caird's contribution to their side of the question. After months and years of ridiculing the Agricultural Holdings Act, it must be annoying to find that the chief expert on their own side discovers in the lines of that Act the basis of his proposed settlement of the question.

What is really of most importance in Mr. Caird's address is not his recommendations for the future, but his exposition of the present. It is a really curious study in political economics to compare the pictures which have been drawn of the British agriculturist struggling in the fetters of a tyrannous landlordism with Mr. Caird's quiet demonstration of his actual position. True, the address wound up with a statement that it was necessary to "unshackle agriculture," but the body of it was devoted to proving that agriculture is more unshackled in England than in any other country in the Old World. By elaborate calculations, which certainly cannot be said to err on the side of generosity to the landlord, Mr. Caird proves that the English farmer is actually in possession of a position more favourable than that offered by the Irish Land Act to the Irish tenant, and infinitely more favourable than that of the French yeoman or peasant proprietor. He is, as Mr. Caird puts it, entrusted by his landlord with five-sixths of the capital necessary for his business at three per cent.—we should have said that two and a half was nearer the mark, but there is no need to insist on this—and this loan makes it possible for him in ordinary seasons to make ten per cent. on the one-sixth which he contributes. There is certainly no other business in the world which is conducted under such favourable circumstances. But (and here the debatable matter comes in) there is no doubt that the one-sixth contributed by the farmer is in a state of exceptionally perilous stability or instability. Bad seasons, such as England has lately had, may affect the landlord's capital in a greater or less degree; but they cannot absolutely destroy it. They may destroy, and in too many cases have destroyed, the capital of the farmer utterly. The question, therefore, is whether, in consideration of the exceptionally favourable position which in ordinary times he enjoys, the tenant is to stand the chance of this possible ruin, or whether it is by some more or less cunning legislative device to be shifted in part, or in whole, to the shoulders of the landlord. Mr. Caird appears to think, notwithstanding his own demonstration of the insignificant return which the landlord receives—in consideration, it may be supposed, of this very superiority of security—that some such device is necessary. He strenuously resists the proposition of a Land Court and "fair rents," and he resists with equal strenuousness the suggestion of "marketable security" or free sale; but he adopts the vague suggestion of compensation for "the tenant's interest as the law may define it in his tenure," which is one of Mr. Gladstone's many ingenious phrases. The question may fairly be asked, How can the law define what does not exist? There is no English tenant who has any interest in his holding beyond the year if he has no lease, or beyond so many years as his lease may have to run, together, if the contract does not exclude it, with the value of his unexhausted improvements. The assumption of any such interest has not the faintest shadow of a reason in custom or in equity. In many cases the tenant has simply come in like an ordinary householder having no connexion with the district, no inherited "title" (to give that word the sense which abuse has changed into use in Ireland), no expectation or intention of staying on the land one day longer than it suits and profits him to do so. At each expiration of his yearly tenancy, if it be yearly of his lease, if he be a leaseholder, the relation between him and his landlord is as completely terminated as that between a shopkeeper and a customer when the latter has paid his money and received his goods. It is curious that even so clear-sighted a man as Mr. Caird should be mystified by the jargon of the present in this matter of security of tenure, just as he is mystified by the jargon of the past in the matter of settlements and entails. But the very fact of his having succumbed in these two points gives greater value to his general testimony. It shows that, if he is prejudiced, it is certainly not on the side of the landowners, and it thus gives all the more force to his picture of the landowner supplying at a percentage about that obtainable from Consols five-sixths of the capital necessary to carry on a business which with ordinary good luck should return the farmer a rate of interest equalled only by that of the most risky investments, and, what is more, taking the hazard of depreciation of his own property, without the power of preventing it or the least hope of compensation.

It is almost equally noteworthy that while Mr. Caird abstains from the extreme remedies which the quacks of politics have put forward for agricultural depression, he takes at the same time a much less gloomy view of this depression than that which it suits the same

quacks to take. He sees no reason why the old arrangement of landlord, farmer, and labourer which has worked so well should not go on, and none why the land should not continue to yield, with some slight readjustment, the necessary three profits. He is, if anything, almost too sanguine as to American competition. But he has done good service by pointing out that the American farmer is by no means the unshackled producer which some people here delight to paint him as being, and that, putting the differential expense of carriage at the very lowest, it amounts to an advantage on the side of the English farmer far exceeding the whole rent of the highest-priced corn lands. One of the most valuable parts of his speech, though perhaps the least fully worked out, is his practical admission that over-cultivation rather than under-cultivation has been the fault of the last few years. The agricultural nostrum-mongers are never tired of repeating that their nostrums will lead to increased cultivation, increased production, and so forth. Mr. Caird almost avows his satisfaction at the fact that the lean years of the past decade will result in hundreds of thousands of acres of poor land which have been "huzzed and mazed" with high farming being left to the beneficent operation of the earthworm and the sheep. The "natural fertility" which year after year of exhausting culture has taken out of the land may perhaps return when season after season of enforced fallow has interrupted the process. Neither does Mr. Caird give any countenance to the theory which some persons have constructed out of isolated cases like that of Mr. Frou's farm at Sawbridgworth, that mixed farming has had its day. On the contrary, he thinks that mixed farming will continue to hold its ground. Indeed he is, as he has always been, an advocate for an extension of the principle of mixing; and points once more to the enormous importation of foreign butter, which now represents an annual value of twelve millions.

The tone of the whole address may thus be said to be in the main conservative—using that word in no political sense. That Mr. Caird is following a will-o'-the-wisp in his notion of the enabling effect of the abolition of settlement is pretty certain. Indeed, one not impossible result of such an abolition would seem to be, not the benefit of tenant-farmers, but the doing away of tenant-farmers altogether. For the landlord, restrained by no sentimental feelings from dealing with his land as a purely commercial article, and able to raise on his own security the sum necessary for its cultivation, but now best obtainable on the farmer system, would very likely decide that the ten per cent., as well as the three, might as well go into his own pocket. In these days of "Will Wimbles" and agricultural colleges, competent managers, at far less expense than that represented by the farmer's profit, would very soon be obtainable, and many farmers themselves would probably prefer a fixed salary and no risk to a sliding scale of gain or loss. It would be somewhat comic if this much-vaunted farmers' measure were to turn out in such a way; but the thing is by no means impossible. Again, though Mr. Caird's proposed two years' notice to quit and his objections to distraint are matters for fair discussion, his indefinite "interest in tenure" is certainly a mistake. These, however, as has been sufficiently shown, are merely fringes of his argument. That argument is that the three profits are still obtainable on the old basis of free contract, shackled only with some comparatively insignificant restrictions which are mere sacrifices to current cant. He may have been somewhat too sanguine, though it is worth noticing that he has based his calculation of the "natural protection" of the British farmer by his nearness to the market on an estimate of the cost of transit from America even lower than that adopted by Mr. William Fowler in his melancholy letter to the *Times*, published a day later than Mr. Caird's address. Mr. Fowler's, however, is evidently what may be called political melancholy, a distinct and very interesting species of the genus. Mr. Caird is something of a politician, too, but he has the singular merit of letting his politics colour his opinions only and not his facts. It is very much to be wished that more of those who talk and write on what he himself well calls "by far the greatest interest in the country in importance, influence, and strength" would follow his example.

ŒDIPÉ ROI AT THE THÉÂTRE FRANÇAIS.

THE unceasing vitality and interest belonging to the great tragedies which have survived from the Athenian stage has within the last year or two received most important illustrations. An interesting, if not altogether a successful, attempt to give a representation of the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus, originated last year at Oxford, and the performance was repeated at some of the public schools, as well as in London. A spirit of emulation afterwards roused the students at Cambridge, Massachusetts, to follow with a rival enactment of the *Œdipus Tyrannus*, and they carried the matter so far as to have their play-bills in Greek, which, in addition to giving the *dramatis personæ*, as usual, announced the conveniences provided for the homeward return of the spectators, and gave the information that *Μετὰ τὴν θεὰν ἀμφὰς ἡποσίδρομους καὶ τοῖμα ἔσονται τοῖς εἰς ἄστυ πορεύεσθαι μέλλουσιν*, with a translation to the effect that horse-cars will be ready after the performance for those who wish to go to Boston. The elaborate and successful dressing of the piece is fully described in Scribner's *Century* magazine for the month of November. But these Greek plays in the original Greek failed to do justice to the dramas they professed to reproduce, in two ways. University students, without the training of actors, could not be expected to possess the power of ex-

citing the emotions of their audiences, even of that portion of them who understood the language of the play; nor did the *mise en scène* profess to give a correct notion of how the play would have been seen in a Greek theatre. Masks and buskins could not be expected; nor did the Chorus occupy its proper place; but, on the contrary, it mingled with the other characters on the same platform, and lost its true character of being a band of moralizers and lookers-on. Old playgoers may recollect a performance of the *Antigone*, given in English very many years ago at one of the large London theatres, in which the music of Mendelssohn formed a beautiful background and support, so to speak, to the spoken words. The part of the Chorus was well spoken by Mr. Vandenhoff, who duly kept apart from the other performers. The genius of Sophocles and the charming music procured for this effort a certain amount of success. Eminent men of letters might have been seen following the words of the play with the Greek text in their hands; while the excellence of the plot and the pathos of the situations moved also those who were only able to appreciate them through the medium of the English words. But, as might have been expected, the piece had no run.

Twenty-three years ago, in the year 1858, a fairly literal translation, by Jules Lacroix, of the *Œdipus Rex* of Sophocles was brought out at the Théâtre Français in Paris, in which the principal character was sustained by Geoffroy, and in which Mmes. Favart and Stella Colas recited some of the verses which were taken from the chorus of the original play. In the autumn of the present year this great work has once more been placed on the stage, a tragedian having again been found endowed with all the art and all the qualities necessary to support a task of extraordinary and arduous difficulty. The power and imaginative force of M. Mounet-Sully have proved equal to the exigencies of the occasion. The tendency towards the exhibition of moments of unreason, and of a sort of wild explosion of fire, is in this play chastened and controlled by the severe spirit of the Greek drama, as indeed it was in his *Hippolyte*, his *Oreste*, and in his admirable performance of the chief personage in *Les Horaces*.

In the first scene, the entrance of Œdipus appearing on the threshold of his palace to address his people splendidly prepares the way for all that has to follow. M. Mounet-Sully's bearing is that which befits a ruler of men. He is mighty and he is tender, showing a manly and generous sense of duty to those whom the gods have placed under his charge. Then arrives the response from the oracle, and the dread command of the God is announced:—

Purgez le sol thébain du monstre qu'il nourrit !
L'incurable fléau demande qu'on l'expie.
Il faut chasser l'impie,
Et que le meurtre soit par le meurtre lavé ;
C'est du sang qui déborde, et rougit le pavé.

The story of the murder of Laius, with his escort, in a narrow defile, imperfectly known to Œdipus, is briefly reported, and the King retires to his palace, promising to do all he can to avenge the murder of his predecessor on the throne.

At the beginning of the second act the stage is filled with supplicants for the help of the King to fulfil the behests of Apollo. As the entreaties of his people sound in his ears, the whole heart of the actor seems to respond to their woes; and he expresses his desire to do justice and to punish those who have brought curses upon the country, with a frankness and energy which brings the audience into immediate sympathy with the loyal nature of the man. He appeals to the citizens of Thebes with force and dignity to reveal anything which would lead to the discovery of the murderer of Laius; and he sustains the long and trying recitation which follows by a variety of intonation, and indicates quickly-changing emotions in a manner which relieves it from the monotony into which a less poetical actor might be likely to fall. He will revenge Laius, and determines to discover his assassin. The prophet Tiresias is summoned, and is adjured by the King to give his assistance. He knows the truth, and reluctantly denounces Œdipus himself as the murderer:—

Tu cherches l'assassin de Laius. C'est toi-même.

The accusation is met with withering indignation and an acute sense of wrong done and imposture attempted. But Tiresias repeats his assertion, with a frightful prophecy of the impending fate of Œdipus, and an allusion to the unconscious crimes he had committed in murdering his own father and marrying his mother.

An interview with Creon begins the third act, in which, with superb defiance, Œdipus upbraids him as a traitor, and Jocasta now appears upon the scene. In the dialogue with her which ensues the terrible truth begins to dawn upon the King. He learns more of the circumstances attending the murder of Laius, and the recollection comes upon him of his own similar encounter with a white-haired stranger, whom he had slain. Every trait of the tragedian's countenance is now a witness to the inward dread, always increasing upon him, as he relates his own adventure, and questions her for more minute details of the death of Laius. His voice sometimes sinks to a trembling gasp of apprehension, as the identity of the two events becomes more and more evident. He seems now to be battling with fate; he recollects that he had once been told that he was not really the child of Polybius of Corinth, his supposed father, and that at Delphi he had received a response to his inquiries, presaging for him a terrible future. The lines—

Le Destin est cruel !
O sainte majesté des Dieux, ce jour funeste,
Qu'il ne luisse jamais pour éclairer l'inceste !
Avant qu'un parricide ensanglante mes mains,
Grands Dieux, retranchez-moi du nombre des humains !

are spoken in tones so imploring, that any divinities less cruel than the gods of Greece must have been struck with pity by their sound.

The fourth act opens with the arrival of the messenger from Corinth to announce the death of Polybius, and Œdipus bursts into triumph as he thinks it is made clear to him that he cannot now commit the crime of parricide, to which he believed himself foredoomed. This triumph the actor knows well how to mingle with a tender reverence for his departed father. All these prospects of happiness are destroyed by the arrival of the messenger who discloses the truth that Œdipus was a foundling, adopted by Polybius, and that a certain old shepherd alone knows the real secret of his birth. Jocasta now begins to manifest the utmost alarm, and entreats her husband not to seek to penetrate the mystery; Œdipus rejects this counsel, and attributes her fears to a suspicion that he may be discovered to be lowly born. He sits at the foot of the altar in front of the royal palace, and it is wonderful to follow the varying moods of expression on his countenance while the Theban maidens are singing their consoling strains. His face, the reflex of the hurrying emotions of his mind, fixes the attention; it is like watching a stormy sky where the clouds roll up together for a while in heavy masses, then break apart to open a way for the sun's light.

The entrance of the slave of Laius, who had alone escaped from the slaughter of his master and his comrades, leads to the revelation of the whole truth. He is the same person who had been employed to expose the infant Œdipus, in order to prevent the fulfilment of the prophecy that he would some day become the murderer of his father, but who had not completed his cruel task. In despair, and with the fearful resolve to be carried into execution in the interval between the fourth and the last act, the innocent-guilty man exclaims:—

Hélas! tout s'accomplit, toute ma destinée!
Exécration naissance! exécration hyménée!
Inceste et parricide! . . . Adieu donc! je te vois,
O lumière des cieux, pour la dernière fois!

M. Mounet-Sully's passion was such in the delivery of these lines as to be equal to that of the poet who wrote them, and for the moment to place the actor on a level with the creative power of which he was the interpreter upon the stage.

The last act opens with the narrative of what has taken place within the palace—the suicide of Jocasta, and the consequent horror of Œdipus, who, in the overwhelming passion of the moment, has torn out his eyes with the brooch which fastened her mantle. Œdipus enters, and in the aspect of the man his whole history is told. It is not the adjunct of the bleeding eyes which now most deeply stirs the spectators. It is the intensity of woe which is revealed in every movement of the altered features and of the tottering figure, whose bearing had been so majestic, and the tone of the voice, hoarse, yet articulate. The inward struggle is recognized in its necessary outward signs. The strain on the audience might now become too great but for the relief of tenderness which almost immediately succeeds in the parting of Œdipus from his children. Often as pathetic farewells of a similar kind have been presented on the stage, seldom has any made an appeal so forcible. Tender also and true is the delivery of the words

Apollon, mes amis, Apollon! . . . son courroux,
Sa haine injuste et sombre
M'a fait ces maux, ces maux cruels, ces maux sans nom,
Sa main n'a pas frappé; seul, j'ai porté les coups.

When the blind, disrowned, and ruined King is led off into exile, by a single attendant, from his children and his home, the tragedy concludes with its most tragic scene. Throughout the piece, great as is the pressure put upon the actor, he sustains his part without ever losing his command of the rich flexible voice with which nature has endowed him, the resources of which seem to be more and more developed by the increased demands made upon it.

Passing from the principal figure to the other characters and general stage arrangements, it must be said that the part of Jocasta is filled by Mlle. Leroux, a young pupil of the Conservatoire, with considerable dignity and intelligence. The diction of M. Silvain as the priest of Jupiter merits especial praise, and M. Maubant was imposing as Tiresias. The accompanying music, by Membre, composed for the occasion, adds an important element to the success of the tragedy.

The grouping, whether in action or in repose, of the crowd upon the stage is always to be admired. The excellence of the management of the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen's Company in this respect demanded and obtained great commendation during their performances in London this year. Every person knew his place, and had been carefully and intelligently trained to contribute his appropriate share in producing the desired general effect. Any criticism not wholly favourable would have been to the effect that the attention of the spectators was sometimes too forcibly attracted to the byplay and diverted from the actor in possession of the stage. In *Œdipe Roi* at the Français the beauty and propriety of the grouping is quite equal to that of the Saxe-Meiningen troupe; but there is greater abstinence shown in not overstepping the due limits of severe art. Yet when elaborate action is required it is forthcoming. This is the case throughout the representation, and notably so in the last act; and while the blinded King is feeling his way out from the palace, which he is never to enter again, among the columns and down

the steps of the portico, nothing could be more finely indicated than the emotions of expectation, curiosity, interest, wonder, and horror with which his movements were anticipated and followed.

SIR ORIEL FORSTER'S HALF-CROWN.

IT appears that those persons who commented last week on the proceedings of the Sub-Commissioners under the Land Act in Ireland committed a gross injustice. They assumed, and in some cases asserted, that the Sub-Commissioners were recklessly cutting away at rents and reducing them wholesale. This, it is now known, was not the fact. In one remarkable instance an investigation under the Land Act has resulted in an actual increase of rent. This is all the more remarkable, because one Sub-Commissioner last week expressed a doubt whether, under an application for a fair rent, the Commissioners had power to increase at all. A fair rent, according to his view, is necessarily a reduced rent. However, no such general principle finally guided Mr. Commissioner Kane and his fellows at Monaghan last Saturday. Mr. Kane has been already noted as possessing "glimmerings"—as having a kind of far-off idea that the "live and thrive" axiom is absurd in principle and impossible in practice when you have occupants at about the rate of one human being per acre of bog. His glimmerings, as we shall see, are intermittent, but they do occur. At any rate, he is entitled to the proud position of being Chairman of the only Sub-Commission which up to this time, or at any rate up to the middle of this week, had raised a rent. The mere fact of the raising is not quite so remarkable as the amount and the circumstances of it. The Sub-Commission had been occupied for some time on the estate of Sir Oriel Forster, who seems for his sins, or more probably for his good-nature, to be plagued with a whole legion of small tenants—tenants of the class of holdings on which even Mr. Kane has frankly declared that no man can expect to support himself. The Sub-Commissioners looked at the plots (it would be absurd to call them farms), and seem to have been made unhappy by the inspection. At any rate, when the moment of decision came, Mr. Kane made a long and a highly apologetic speech. We really cannot take the trouble to abstract this; it will be sufficient to say that Mr. Kane began by saying that the rents could not be considered excessive or exorbitant, and that there was nothing like oppression on the part of the landlord, and ended by reducing the said rents, which were not excessive, oppressive, or exorbitant, by amounts varying from ten to twenty per cent. Strange to say, Lord Monck has not written a letter about these cases; and even Mr. D. H. Macfarlane, who is tired of hearing about MacAtavey's case, has nothing to say about it. But Mr. Kane and his Sub-Commission were not partial. If they reduced, they also increased. The rent of one holding had been 3*l.* 15*s.*, being considerably below "Griffith." The Commissioners have increased it to 3*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* In consideration of this, doubtless, they suggested that Sir Oriel Forster and a few other landlords who had just had, with the famous exception, their admittedly fair and ordinary rents reduced all round, should come to an arrangement with the people about arrears. "This," said Mr. Kane, "would be a charity"; and he doubtless felt that charity could not but become a man whose rental had just been increased by thirty pence, whether or not it happened to be diminished at the same time by thirty pounds or more. Elaborate and rather unfeeling jokes have been made about Sir Oriel's half-crown. It has been calculated that, if he husbands it carefully and lays it up as it comes in at compound interest for forty years, it will about repay him for the costs which his amiable tenant has imposed on him; for it seems that, even when a tenant's rent is allowed to be fair, the landlord has to pay his own costs. Meanwhile there is the solid deduction from the other rents allowed to be neither excessive, oppressive, nor exorbitant, which Sir Oriel must also capitalize and set against this half-crown. Never, probably, had that piece of money a harder task set for it, but after all it is in its way a lucky coin. On it alone depends the truth of Mr. Gladstone's asseverations, of Mr. Forster's and Lord Selborne's pledges, that no damage should be inflicted on the Irish landlords. The Lord Chancellor, indeed, is proved a prophet. In a dauntless manner he assured the Peers that the landlords would find their property positively improved and increased by the Act. *Eccce signum*, in the shape of Sir Oriel Forster's half-crown.

The idea has crossed the minds of one or two contemplative students of Irish affairs that the actual Commissioners are not quite happy at the vigorous action of their subordinates. There has of late been noticeable a considerable alteration in the amiable zeal with which Mr. Justice O'Hagan and his colleagues originally sought to invite all tenants to come to them, and to be made to live and thrive. Plaintive confessions have been made that their decisions are much commented on, and that it will not do to strain matters too far. On Monday last, a solicitor who wanted to lodge a sack full of applications after the proper time was refused. But the most significant incident was that which occurred in the matter of the Ballina Sub-Commissioners. The chief of these gentlemen, Mr. McCarthy, had come in like a lion indeed. He had laid down a large number of rules excellently calculated for the better reduction of rents, but not so excellent viewed from the other side—a side which the Land Act says shall also be taken, but which the Sub-Commissioners apparently decline to consider. The most remarkable of Mr.

McCarthy's alleged statements was, that "he did not care a straw for the evidence of paid valuers." He and his colleagues, he said in effect, and almost in so many words, were very clever men who knew all about land. Then there are the active and intelligent farmers of the district, whose impartiality of course cannot for a moment be doubted. This being the case, what need can there be for the testimony of professional hirelings obstinately regardless of the Irish tenant's palladium, Professor Baldwin's dictum about the capacity of land in the hands of the actual tenant? Unfortunately, a certain Mr. Mullens, residing in Westmeath, took the liberty of calling the attention of the Commissioners to the alleged words of their impetuous delegate. The reply of Messrs. O'Hagan, Litton, and Vernon speaks well for their ingenuity. They say very properly that they have no authentic report of the words used—"But there can be no doubt that cases will constantly occur in which the evidence of paid witnesses will be of great importance." Now, if Mr. McCarthy used the words attributed to him, this is rather a serious slap in the face; and, if he did not, it is still an important admission of a principle which certainly does not seem to have guided any of the Commissioners hitherto—always with the exception of the celebrated case of Sir Oriel Forster's half-crown. What these gentlemen seem generally to have done is to hear all the evidence they could get from the tenants and their neighbours, every one of whom is, of course, interested in depreciating the holding as much as possible; then to administer interrogatories to the agent as to whether he had considered the number of mouths in the tenant's family; then to view the land with their own eagle eyes; and then to cut off a fancy bonus for the tenant. It is quite natural that persons adopting such a course of proceeding should not care a straw for the evidence of paid valuers; indeed it is quite conceivable that they might find the evidence of paid valuers a great nuisance. But it is not equally clear that their plan is a wise one. It seems to be forgotten that at the rate at which they are going, one of two things is inevitable—either a wholesale reversal of their decisions, which would cause far greater discontent in Ireland than that which at present exists, or else a demand, which even Mr. Gladstone would find it almost impossible to resist, for great sums of money as compensation. It is not everybody, it must be remembered, who has, like Sir Oriel Forster, a sufficient solatium already provided for him.

An exceedingly interesting and pleasing statement, well imagined, if not true, has been made to the effect that M. Gustave Doré is now in Ireland for the purpose of studying Irish facial expression. It is a pity doubtless that M. Doré is not the M. Doré who drew the *Juif Errant* plates and the illustrations to the *Contes Drolatiques*. But there is a good deal of him left, and Ireland will give him an abundant harvest. The scenes, for instance, which occurred at Castle Island and Killavullen on Saturday would have supplied him with a most admirable opportunity for studying Irish facial expression. The facial expression of an Irishman who has paid his rent, and is accordingly first shot and then thrashed with the butt-end of a gun, is one which M. Doré could give with great success, and the facial expressions of the gallant ministers of vengeance would also suit him excellently. The other scene, where twenty men with rifles and revolvers literally stormed a house, dragged the inmates out of bed, stunned the master of the house, and so forth, would form a capital subject for a picture twenty feet long or so; and if there is any room vacant about the Houses of Parliament the work of art should certainly find a place there as a memorial of Mr. Gladstone's Administration and the effect of his Messages of Peace. Acute students of physiognomy, however, know that a court of law offers opportunities second to none for their favourite pursuit; and though the "Court of the Land League" can hardly be called a court of law, it is perhaps all the more likely to be fertile in such studies. The paid valuator informed by Mr. McCarthy that he doesn't care a straw for his evidence would be commonplace, but not ineffective. The villanous countenance of an agent admitting that, in calculating the rent of Denis Rafferty's farm, he has forgotten to estimate the capacity of the mouths of that gentleman's tenth daughter, and her husband, and her two children whom Denis has affectionately taken to live and thrive with him and the rest of the family on a holding of three acres and a quarter, would be a fine picture; nor would the manly and intellectual visage of the Commissioner putting the question, and blushing for his kind as he receives the answer, be a bad pendant to it. The ingenuous witness who has a couple of hundred pounds in the bank swearing that it is impossible for him to pay his rent and live, should figure in the gallery, together with the generous unpaid valuator and neighbour, who, remembering that one good turn deserves another, and having lodged an application of the same kind himself, assures his Honour that the dirty farm isn't worth five shillings an acre. There are precedents for this type of countenance. Thackeray has already depicted it in "The Irish Sketch Book," chapter *From Waterfall to Cork*. "A message of peace and plenty" might be the epigraph to a portrait of a solicitor seated in his private room; with one hand he points to the Land Act, with the other to a vast pile of applications, while his placid gaze rests on an open bank-book with an entry of two thousand pounds (see *Daily News* of last week) on the left-hand side. It would take too long to go through this new Doré Gallery, of which the last described picture should perhaps hold the central place. But there can be no doubt what ought to be opposite to it; a full-length portrait of Sir Oriel Forster in regimentals (for it is understood that he serves the grateful country which, as a return for his being neither an

oppressive nor a rack-renting landlord, cuts down his rents some fifteen per cent.) contemplating his half-crown with an expression of the liveliest gratitude, and carelessly trampling under foot, as a forgotten thing, a rent-roll with the reductions marked on it, is a *sine quâ non*. As soon as M. Doré has mastered the rudiments of Irish facial expression, he had better set about this at once.

THE FUTURE OF FIELD ARTILLERY.

IT may be as well to preface the remarks we propose making upon this subject by at once allowing that it is in many quarters considered to be a knotty one; and it is also one which is apt to elicit strong expressions of opinion. We shall limit ourselves therefore to answering a question recently urged as to the necessity of providing an army with field artillery at all, and to inquiring in our turn how it is that the question may not unfairly be said to demand a serious reply.

In the Franco-German war the casualties by rifle fire amounted to about 94 per cent. of the total loss; by artillery fire to only 5 per cent. No trustworthy estimate, so far as we are aware, has been formed regarding the comparative damage effected by the various arms in the Russo-Turkish war; but it is certain that the percentage of loss from gun-fire was very small, owing to the indifferent handling of artillery on either side. Guns then, even when well served, as were the German ones, do not effect that wholesale slaughter which would seem at first sight to be their *raison d'être*. And there is no doubt that all armies—especially those with small manœuvring capacity—feel artillery to be a terrible encumbrance unless when deriving actual benefit from its support on the battle ground. Even an able and enterprising general, at the head of an easily handled force, must ponder much how he had best dispose that interminable train of guns and waggons which blocks up the roads, which is powerless while in movement and against flank attack, and which demands the constant escort of another arm. But when armies are composed of raw material like that which went to swell the French armies on the Loire in 1870, then indeed the presence of a number of guns is embarrassing to a commander in the highest degree. Under such circumstances it has often happened that a general has had to think more of how he is to preserve his guns from capture than how to utilize them in action. Again, artillery is an arm costly to maintain and troublesome to keep efficient. Moreover, in the last war it proved wholly inadequate to the battering down of well-prepared earthworks or to reaching their defenders. Further, the principal projectile of artillery—namely, shrapnel shell—is most effective against troops in formation or grouped in the open; but now, through the utilization by scattered infantry units of cover at every step, the missile is continually being defrauded of an appropriate target. Again, the efficacy of gun-fire is immensely increased at the closer ranges, but the growing power of the rifle tends to keep guns more and more at a distance. Lastly, it is acknowledged that, unless exceptionally, the parapets of field works are better occupied by rifles than by guns.

We may briefly summarize what there is to be said on the other side of the question. First, then, the moral effect of guns is something enormous. If they only kill 5, they frighten 95, in every hundred. The roar proceeding from a line of guns, and the hurdling of the missiles sounding perilously near even when a long way off, impose upon troops, and especially upon young soldiers, who know also that when a shell does hit it will not be a reminder more or less sharp from an artistically shaped bullet, but a blow that may smash the combatant in an instant out of all semblance of humanity. This knowledge is apt to make men less eager to quit some happy cover; but more than this, it tells on their own shooting, nervousness inducing rapid and unsteady firing. Another point is that there are certain kinds of fortification—such as loop-holed walls and masonry buildings—which would frequently be impregnable to infantry attack until the guns had made practicable breaches or had shelled the defenders out of them. Again, it is undeniable that few positions can be assailed in front with the least prospect of success until artillery fire has paved the way for the infantry assault, and, indeed, unless guns can be got to conform till almost the last moment to the infantry advance. It follows that the attacking side must be provided with artillery, and therefore the defence must have guns also. It may be broadly stated that, wherever ground favours the action of artillery on a large scale, whether in attack or defence, no increase in the numbers of infantry or cavalry, or of both arms in combination, will suffice to make up for the absence of guns.

Since we cannot dispense with field-pieces, it will be more practical to inquire how it is that their action is certainly less efficacious now than it was, say, on the battle-fields of Napoleon and Wellington. First, as we have seen, long-ranging rifles either keep guns at a distance or cause enormous losses if they are brought near; 2ndly, close formations within reach of the enemy, offering fine targets, are virtually abolished; 3rdly, entrenchments are now more frequently constructed, and cover is sought after at every step; 4thly, our guns are sighted on a bad system; 5thly, the gunner's unaided vision fails to reach even the ordinary limits of the projectile; and 6thly, ground is not always or generally met with where guns in any number can be worked at the ranges now attained.

The question follows, Is there a remedy for this state of things? Taking the several points *seriatim*—we have to remark first that

rifles must continue to keep guns a long way off, unless the gunners can be artificially protected. But there seems to be no reason whatever, beyond a conservative objection to untried novelties, why some system of giving protection should not be experimented upon. It is now some time since Colonel C. B. Brackenbury, R.A., advocated the adoption of shields. Major Walford, R.A., proposed the substitution of steel plating for spokes in gun-wheels. Captain Scott, R.E., suggested a shield in the shape of a Japanese umbrella, the gun to act as handle. Other capable men have made suggestions with the same view, but we believe not a single proposition has yet found even the favour of a trial.

The dispersion of troops both in attack and defence deprives projectiles of the opportunity of making wholesale slaughter; but there are always occasions—notably in the last acts of an assault, in retiring from unsuccessful attack, or in abandoning a position defended to the last moment—when there must perforce be magnificent marks afforded to the guns, if only they are near enough at hand.

How huge earthworks, when constructed after the fashion set at Plevna, are to be dealt with is certainly a question on which it would be rash to dogmatize. One thing is quite clear—that, if time is given to throw up works whose defenders are practically secure from both horizontal and vertical fire, field guns will effect nothing. One wounded Turk was the sole result of several hours of heavy fighting on the part of the Russians before Plevna. It must, however, be remembered that what are called entrenchments now would formerly have been considered as veritable fortresses worthy the attention of a siege park, and only to be approached by sap and mine. General Brialmont has indeed given it as his opinion that armies in the future must be accompanied by parks with short siege guns. Where such works as those at Plevna are established, and it is necessary to attack them, something more than even improved field guns will be required; but in a campaign between two equally matched and enterprising opponents, it is far more probable that use will be made of hasty entrenchments and any chance cover than that we shall see armies *adossées* to gigantic works requiring large garrisons, which might be better employed so long as any power of taking the offensive existed.

We come now to the two points concerning which there can be no dispute—namely, the possibility of improving the sighting of field pieces, and assisting the gunner to see his mark as well at the longer as the shorter ranges. To Captain Scott, R.E., belongs the credit of proposing an entirely original system of sighting—one which is at the same time extremely effective, and easy of practical application by even inexperienced hands. "The principle of my system of sighting," to borrow the inventor's explanation, "consists in giving to sights a third movement in addition to the two movements already existing. The two movements of the present sights consist in a horizontal movement for giving 'deflection,' and in a vertical movement for giving the 'angle of elevation.' The additional third movement in my system consists in causing the two above-mentioned movements of the service sights combined to revolve together about an axis *parallel in every direction to the axis of the gun.*" The advantages of the system are obvious, and we may add that they are fully realized in French experimental practice. Once the gunner has command over the axis of his piece, his business is easy. But this is just what he is unable to get with the service system. He is thrown out by every inclination of the sights—and guns are very rarely for long on level ground—and, to make up for inclinations, he has to work out in his head a sum in arithmetic, perhaps under a heavy fire. In addition to this, the amount of annual practice performed by each gunner is absurdly small. "How," asks Captain Scott, "can a gunner possibly appreciate all the errors inherent in his system of sighting, or practically learn to apply the rules for their correction, by merely firing away three or four shots per annum? You might as well expect a man to become a good sportsman by letting off a fowling-piece three or four times yearly." By Captain Scott's method mechanical adjustment takes the place of mentally calculated arithmetic.

But improved sighting is not sufficient; the object to be hit must be seen, and it is proposed to furnish the gunner with "telescopic revolving sights" for the longer ranges. Without entering into particulars, it will suffice to record some opinions of a French Committee of scientific officers who experimented upon this sight. "By its use," they say, "the firer can aim accurately at distances equal to the range of the piece"; "he can aim at objects invisible to the naked eye"; "he has not to trouble himself with the inclination of the wheels, and therefore always fires as if the wheels were on level ground"; "a shot having been fired, he can judge of its effect," even at the longest distances; "the Committee consider it their duty to lay stress on the splendid results which have been obtained, and to call special attention to the fact that Scott's telescopic sight solves completely and practically the problem of a telescopic sight; and that its adoption by an artillery will give to that arm a very considerable advantage if it has to engage an artillery unprovided with an analogous system."

On the last of the points we have mentioned—namely, that ground is not very frequently met with where, with suitable command, the extreme power of range can be utilized—there is very little to be said. When a general disposes of a numerous artillery, he will of course endeavour to secure a fair field for its action. But, though the value of long-range fire will be vastly enhanced when guns have received improved appliances, battles will not be decided at long bowls. The final advantage must still lie with

that artillery which is provided with portable artificial protection and which is therefore enabled to draw in closer.

On our view of the matter, then, there is no ground whatever for supposing that the importance of artillery as an arm will suffer diminution. If within the range where battles are decided the power of the rifle is infinitely greater than was that of the old musket, it is within that range that the power of the new field-piece—the Hotchkiss revolving cannon—is most conspicuously felt; and outside that range the field-piece proper has it all its own way as before, or should have it so. Let those improved appliances be given it for which artillerymen have long been looking, and let the limits of its potential capacity be better recognized than was the case in the last war. There we saw out-of-date ordnance worked on out-of-date principles and set to impossible tasks. There is not much argument one way or the other to be founded on that experience.

AN INFERNAL DICTIONARY.

WE live in an age of dictionaries and books of reference on every conceivable and inconceivable subject; but perhaps none of the volumes which are nowadays from time to time compiled, with more or less industry and skill, for the purpose of giving compressed information, are more remarkable than a work which was first issued in 1818, and of which a sixth edition was printed in 1863 by M. Plon of Paris. This work is entitled *Dictionnaire Infernal, Répertoire Universel des êtres, des personnages, des livres, des faits et des choses qui appartiennent aux esprits, aux démons, aux sorciers*, and so on. The sixth edition is largely increased, and has over five hundred illustrations, "parmi lesquelles les portraits de 72 démons." The preface to the edition of 1863 is not the least curious part of the volume. It begins with a statement that "the enormous collection of coherent facts to be found in the Infernal Dictionary forms such a pandemonium of plausible aberrations and germs of error that the Church only, whose torch never burns low, can be a sure guide through its mazes." It goes on for two pages in this strain, mentioning by the way the remarkable fact that "every one who studies history in a proper frame of mind will see that 'l'Eglise' has always striven against superstition, and 'les fourberies infernales,' a fact which the writer proceeds to back up with sufficiently curious evidence. However, the portraits of the seventy-two demons, and the other matters contained in the body of the volume, are, perhaps, more generally interesting than the preface, although the preface has a certain interest of its own.

On the first page of the Dictionary itself we find a pleasing absence of that pretence to universal knowledge which is the bane of compilers; for we are told that "Abalam, prince de l'enfer," is "très-peu connu"; but this is well contrasted a few pages later with the special knowledge displayed under the heading "Agnan ou Agnian" ("car," the writer might have added, "l'un et l'autre se dit"), who is described as a demon who torments Americans by visions and evil pranks. He is to be found particularly "au Brésil et chez les Topinamboux." He has further the unpleasant talent, which is calculated to baffle inquiry, of showing himself in every kind of shape, so that "ceux qui veulent le voir peuvent le rencontrer partout." How he is to be recognized under these Protean masks we are not told; nor is any reason assigned for his devoting himself especially to the torment of Americans. The cut which accompanies the description is presumably one of the promised seventy-two portraits of demons, and suggests that Agnan's knowledge of the art of disguise or "make-up" is, after all, of a limited nature. Aguarès, on the other hand, "grand-duc de la partie orientale des enfers," will have none of these tricks. He disdains disguise, and shows himself always in the form of a nobleman astride a crocodile. He confers titles, teaches all languages, and is wire-puller to the spirits of the earth. In the article following that on this accomplished demon, which treats of Pierre d'Aguerre—who was accused by two witnesses of having acted as Master of the Ceremonies at the Witches' Sabbath, and was, in consequence, condemned to death—we are referred to the articles headed respectively "Bouc" and "Sabbat." From the first of these we learn that "si on se frotte le visage de sang de bouc qu'il aura bouilli avec du verre et du vinaigre, on aura incontinent des visions horribles et épouvantables." Not only this, but one can also "procurer la même surprise à des étrangers qu'on voudra troubler." Here again, however, the compiler of the Dictionary leaves something to be desired in his information, for he does not vouchsafe any hint as to the best method of "exhibiting" the prescription to a stranger whom one wishes to annoy without the risk of detection. Before going on to the article "Sabbat," we may pause to notice the deserved praise given by the Dictionary in connexion with the "Sabbat" to that perhaps underrated creature the snail. Under the heading "Escargots" we find that no one has ever accused these good creatures of taking part in these diabolical rites; but it is remarked that they, too, have their mysterious side—an assertion which is oddly enough based on the old story of so-called sympathetic snails, and illustrated by one of the very oddest pictures in the volume. The article on the Sabbath itself is chiefly remarkable for a story of which we propose to give the gist. Charles II., Duke of Lorraine, travelling in disguise over his dominions, found a lodging one night in a farmer's house. He was surprised to find that, after he had supped, a second supper far more carefully

prepared than his own was laid on the table. He asked the farmer if he expected more guests. "No," replied the farmer; "but it is Friday, and every week on this day and at this hour the demons have an interview with the wizards of the neighbourhood in the forest hard by. They dance the devils' dance, and then break up into four bands. The first of these bands comes to supper here, the other three go to farms not far from mine." On this Charles inquired if they paid for what they ate. "On the contrary," replied the farmer, "they carry off whatever they may take a fancy to, and if they choose to be discontented with what we give them, we have a bad time of it. What can one do when one has to deal with wizards and demons?" After hearing this, "le prince, étonné, voulut approfondir ce mystère." He sent off one of his followers to ride full speed to Toul, about three leagues distant. About two in the morning, a crowd of wizards, witches, and demons came into the farmhouse. Some were got up to look like bears, some had horns, and some had claws. No sooner had they sat down to the supper prepared for them than Charles's equey reappeared followed by a troop of gendarmes. The Duke then observed, with great good sense, that this sitting down to supper of sorcerers and demons was very incongruous, and had them all arrested. More arrests followed this, and the demoniacal celebrators of the "Sabbat" turned out to be a company of brigands, who found an easy way to pillage in their diabolical disguise. "Le duc de Lorraine (qui avait généreusement payé son souper avant de quitter la ferme) fit punir ces prétendus sorciers et démons comme des coquins et des misérables. Le voisinage fut délivré pour le moment de ses craintes, mais la peur du Sabbat ne s'affaiblit pas pour cela dans la Lorraine."

Modern cases of sorcery, under a newfangled name, in which the wizard's mask has been assumed for purposes not altogether dissimilar to those of the rogues and vagabonds here spoken of, will, no doubt, be fresh in the recollection of many of our readers. It is only to be regretted that some such high-handed course as the one just described was not, or could not be, taken with the more modern pretenders to supernatural powers. As to these the Dictionary is prudently reticent. It recites the too well-known facts about the "Fox manifestations"; says nothing, under the heading "Spiritisme," of the latest "developments," and ends up with a reference to the "admirable little book," in which Father Matignon makes the way clear in these matters for sober-minded persons. It is much the same with the article "Tables," which ends up with an appeal to the faithful to remember that "the Church has formally condemned and rigorously forbidden this dangerous commerce with demons, who are the real agents in these tricks." Shortly after this, we come upon some interesting information concerning "Tap or Gaap." This personage is "grand president and grand prince" in the lower regions. When he assumes human shape it is at noon. Four of the chiefs of the infernal empire are under his orders. He is as powerful as Byleth, who, as we find on referring to the appropriate heading, is a strong and terrible demon, who rides on a white horse, preceded by cats playing on the horn and the trumpet. Tap or Gaap used to have holocausts and libations offered to him by magicians, who called him up by means of a formula which they said was discovered by Solomon. This, however, was a delusion; for it is well known to the *Dictionnaire Infernal* that it was Ham who first understood the art of summoning evil spirits, and that Byleth was specially devoted to his service. Byleth and Gaap, or Tap, seem to be not on the best of terms between themselves; for, if an exorcist is acquainted with the great arts of Byleth, he will be safe from any intrusion on the part of Tap. In dealing with Byleth, on the other hand, the greatest prudence is necessary; for, although he obeys the call of the wizard, he does so in a state of great fury. The formula for invoking him is given at length. The operator must hold in his hand a hazel wand, and, turning to a point between the east and the south, must trace a triangle outside the magic circle, within which he has placed himself as a matter of course. Then he reads the magic formula which brings spirits from the vasty deep, and then Byleth arrives, in a submissive attitude, within the triangle. If, it is prudently added, he does not arrive, why then the exorcist may conclude that the powers below have little respect for him. This reminds us of a personal experience detailed by one who, in the vigils of the night, over a dying camp fire in the midst of a forest, resolved to try if he could realize the idea of Mr. Browning's poem on mesmerism. The effect of the narration was increased by the foreign speech of the narrator, who was a Norseman. "Under that beautiful sky," he said, "and with the great arms of the trees waving above me, and the dying embers of the fire, and everybody asleep all round me, I tried if I could not do this thing. I wished and I wished, so strong as ever as I could wish, and I wished like that for ever so long in that solitude, and, by Jupiter, nothing never came of it." This same chance, we fear, is likely, to judge from the cautious tone of the *Dictionnaire Infernal*, to befall the too-confident invoker of Byleth. If Byleth does respond to the invocation, he must be treated much as a certain modern "Spiritualist" had, according to the account of the "spirits," to be treated. The "medium" had been in a trance for some time, and the "spirits," who had given a good deal of information through his mouth, completed their communications by observing that "when Daniel returns (from the trance) he must have a good glass of wine." In like manner, when Byleth appears, it is well at once to offer him a glass of wine, which,

however, must be carefully placed within the limits of the triangle. It is also desirable to tell him how well he is looking, and in a general way to make much of him and of his immediate associates in the place whence he has come. Further, when conversing with Byleth one should wear a silver ring on the middle finger of the left hand, and keep it turned towards him. If, the Dictionary continues, these precautions are troublesome, the trouble is worth taking, for he who commands the services of Byleth will become the most powerful of men. He—Byleth—we learn in addition, "espère un jour remonter dans le ciel sur le septième trône; ce qui n'est guère croyable." One can only hope that there may yet be a chance for Byleth in the same spirit which moved the Scotch minister concerning "the puir deil."

TRAINING.

WE have before now spoken of the singular views which have prevailed with regard to the diet best suited for men who were desirous of developing their physical powers to the highest degree, and of the harm which has been done by the empirical, and in many cases ridiculous, rules which were laid down. Some of the most objectionable of these are now happily set aside, and the opinions of those intelligent persons who taught that mutton was better than beef for "wind," that all fluids should be avoided by men who wish to "get into condition," that meat was to be eaten without salt, and that pedestrians should drink sherry and boxers port, would be laughed at, even by the most ardent fanatic in an Eight; but, though a good deal of nonsense has been got rid of, a bad system still prevails, and there is no exaggeration in stating that harm is still done by the regulations respecting diet which, even in these days, are unhesitatingly obeyed. At one time, no doubt, some of these rules appeared to have a certain scientific sanction; but it has now been well established that the views on which this sanction was based were not only erroneous, but directly opposed to the truth. In so far, therefore, as rules which are in accordance with them have any effect, they must have a bad effect. It is true that they do not work so much ill as might be expected, but this is because the men who follow them are usually very young, very vigorous, and lead, apart from diet, a most healthy life. Still, unless modern physiological teaching is altogether wrong, even the modified system now followed must cause some evil, and the sooner it is swept away the better. If it be said that the men who train steadily often attain very "high condition," the answer is that this is due in no way to their food, but to constant and fitting exercise in the open air, to regular hours, to strict temperance with regard to alcohol, and to abstinence from or great moderation in smoking. Strength is attained not by diet, but in spite of diet.

That erroneous views should at one time have been held is not wonderful, for in support of them the great name of Liebig could be quoted by those who had sufficient energy and intelligence to attempt a scientific study of the question. It is now, however, well established that in some of his conclusions Liebig was wrong, and notably that he was wrong in thinking that muscular or mechanical effort was entirely supported by nitrogenous food, and that the heat-giving foods sustained the process of combustion which is constantly going on in the body, but did nothing more. If he was right, of course the more muscular work a man did the more nitrogenous food he would require; and trainers were therefore not mistaken in favouring meat, and in looking with great dislike on those foods which are commonly thought to produce fat; but then, unfortunately, Liebig has been shown to have been in error, and any system of diet which is in accordance with his views cannot be a good one, and is in all probability a very bad one. The erroneous nature of views based on Liebig's doctrine is well known to physiologists; but, nevertheless, is hardly as yet so generally known as it ought to be, and very likely on the banks of Isis and Cam there is no suspicion of the truth. Possibly every year a certain number of men break down in training, with more or less injury to their constitutions, owing to a faulty diet. Instruction on this subject is therefore anything but superfluous, as a deeply rooted error is not by any means eradicated; and all who are interested in athletic sports should welcome the appearance of two articles which a writer on physiology of the first eminence has contributed to Mr. Richard Proctor's new magazine *Knowledge*—a periodical, we may observe, which promises to satisfy a want that has long been felt. In this magazine Dr. Carpenter has come forward to protest against the belief in Liebig's views which appears unfortunately still to exist. As need hardly be said, he does not write specially on training or diet, but generally respecting food material and physical effort, his articles being on "The Relation of Food to Muscular Work." They are written with all his accustomed clearness and powerful simplicity, and we hope to aid in calling attention to them, as they cannot fail to do much good if they reach those who habitually misfeed young men with a view to producing "high condition."

Dr. Carpenter has lately found, to his great surprise apparently, that Liebig's doctrine "as to the direct dependence of muscular energy on the expenditure of nitrogenous food" was still put forward as an accepted physiological verity, and this has induced him to take up the subject, which he certainly treats in such a manner as to leave no excuse for error in future. After pointing out that Liebig made several serious mistakes when he wrote on biology,

he goes on to say that the German chemist's famous division of food material into "tissue-forming" and "heat-producing" was a great advance, but that, in some of the views which were partly founded on this, Liebig was wrong. He thought that the only purpose served by the burning up within the body of the non-nitrogenous components of food in combination with the oxygen of the air was the production of heat, and that it had nothing to do with mechanical force. This, he believed, was "the product of a transformation of living muscular fibre into dead," and he thought that he discovered, in increased excretion of urea after severe exertion, a distinct proof of the truth of his hypothesis. Dr. Carpenter shows that this hypothesis has been proved to be altogether wrong. From the first it was seen that some indisputable facts were not reconcilable with it, and in 1845 Mayer, whom Dr. Carpenter quotes, laid down that chemical force in ingested food and inhaled oxygen was the source of the motion and heat which are the two products of animal life, and made a comparison, which has since been elaborated and become famous, of the body to a steam-engine. According to this, non-nitrogenous food represents the fuel, and nitrogenous the metal of the boilers and cylinders. When there is a great development of force there will be a large increase in the consumption of the former, but only a slight increase in the consumption of the latter, due to extra wear and tear. It cannot be said, however, that the views which this figure of speech, after a fashion, expresses, were shown to be true, or that Liebig's doctrine was definitely disproved until long after Mayer wrote. In 1866 Professors Fick and Wislicenus made their memorable ascent of the Faulhorn, dieting themselves with the greatest care, and using the most rigorous methods to ascertain exactly the consumption of muscle-substance. Their experiment is, of course, perfectly familiar to scientific physiologists, and has been described and commented on again and again. As, however, the error which Liebig propagated still lives, it is well that attention should still be drawn to the analysis which served more than ought else to show the fallacy of his doctrine, and Dr. Carpenter has done well, therefore, to give an account of this celebrated investigation. We cannot do better than quote his description. He says:—

An experiment which has now become "classical" was performed upon themselves by Professors Fick and Wislicenus in 1866; namely, the determination of the respective quantities of urea eliminated by each of them for twelve hours before, for eight hours during, and for six hours after the ascent of the Faulhorn, whose height is about 6,500 feet. They took no nitrogenous food either for seventeen hours before the ascent, during the eight hours of the ascent, or for six hours after the ascent; but then took a good ordinary meal. The mean of the two determinations (between which there was a very close correspondence) gave for the twelve hours before the ascent, 0.62 gramme, being at the rate of 0.052 gramme per hour; for the eight hours of the ascent 0.40 gramme, or at the rate of 0.05 gramme per hour; and the same amount for the six hours following the ascent, being at the rate of 0.066 gramme per hour; while for the twelve hours after the subsequent meal, the mean amount was 0.48 gramme, or at the rate of 0.04 gramme per hour. There was thus a positive reduction in the amount of urea eliminated, which was probably attributable to the temporary abstinence from nitrogenous aliment; since the results of subsequent observations carried on for a much longer period upon men going through severe exertion upon an ordinary diet (as those made by Dr. Austin Flint, of New York, upon Weston, the pedestrian, during a five days' walk of 310 miles), show a slight total increase in the elimination, which is fairly attributable to the general "wear and tear" produced by the excessive strain put upon the machine.—There is, then, no foundation whatever for the assumption of Liebig that every exertion of muscular energy involves the death and disintegration of an equivalent amount of muscle-substance.

In spite, however, of the conclusive nature of this experiment and of others, doubts as to the results obtained were, if we remember rightly, occasionally expressed up to a comparatively recent time. Now, however, it is impossible to suppose that any doubt on the subject exists amongst those who have made biology their study. Still, Liebig's error cannot be considered as exploded. The sanction of a great name keeps it alive, and a large number of men who ought to know better still believe that for heavy muscular work much meat is necessary. They are well-nigh as wrong as Falstaff was when he held that wine strengthened the blood. Liebig's doctrine is nearly the very opposite of the truth. It is not necessary to reproduce here the careful and minute account which Dr. Carpenter gives of the process involved in muscular effort. Those who wish to understand this must seek the pages of *Knowledge*, and they will be very well repaid for their pains. His summing-up, however, which states briefly the views of modern physiologists, should be given in his own words, which are as follows:—

The mechanical working of the body of a living animal is as directly dependent as its heating upon the oxidation of the hydro-carbons of its food; and these may be most economically supplied by non-nitrogenous substances. On the other hand, the mechanism can only be kept in working order by the continual renovation of its substance (its very existence as a living whole involving the continual death and decay of its component parts); and for this renovation a supply of proteins is essential, with a certain admixture of fat to serve as material for protoplasm.

Now it is scarcely necessary to point out how entirely these truths are opposed to the system followed in training, which did seem to receive some kind of sanction from Liebig. It is true, no doubt, that nitrogenous food is required for the renovation of the muscle, which wears out as all the tissues of the body wear out; but the consumption of muscle caused by effort—which, as we have said, has been likened to the wear and tear of a machine—is small when compared with the consumption of the non-nitrogenous substances, which represent the fuel that is burnt

to maintain the force developed. It is therefore clear that when there is severe and continuous physical effort, a large supply of the latter kind of food-material will be required to make good the loss occasioned by that effort, while of the former only a slight increase will be made necessary. The principle followed in training is exactly to reverse things. It is true that men are no longer encouraged to gorge themselves with underdone meat and to avoid sweets as if they were poison; but still, in the main, the trainer favours meat, and watches with some jealousy and restricts the other kinds of food. He ought to do just the opposite. We do not, of course, mean to say that the resources of the French *cuisine* should be placed at the disposal of young men in training, as it is sufficiently obvious that those who desire to attain a high state of health must confine themselves to simple and digestible food; but of simple food it is the non-nitrogenous kind that is the most needful, and it is about as reasonable to fear a large proportion of nutriment of this class as it would be to fear the oxygen of the air. Nay, more harm may be done by abstaining from the food indicated. Natural laws cannot be disobeyed with impunity; and when nature points distinctly to one kind of diet, and men choose to adhere to a diet of precisely the opposite kind, evil of some sort is not unlikely to follow. The argument that the diet is right because men who adopt it do get into "high condition" we have already answered, and there can be little doubt that the ailments which assail men in training and the occasionally serious results of training are in part due to a vicious system of diet which, in so far as it has any scientific basis, is founded on a doctrine which is now thoroughly exploded. Much, therefore, do we hope that Dr. Carpenter's valuable contributions to *Knowledge* will be read at the Universities and other places where there is devotion to the severer kinds of athletics. If these and some other writings are studied, we doubt not that before long the foolish rules which still remain will be swept away, and that the happy young athletes who are able to enjoy good and wholesome dinners, which tend to produce, not to retard, the much desired "condition," will fervently revere the name of the man of science who released the victims of training from an odious thralldom.

THE ECONOMIC PROBLEMS BEFORE THE NEW FRENCH GOVERNMENT.

FOR the first time since the fall of the Empire France has a Government which is presumably strong enough to frame and to carry a policy looking only to the true and permanent interests of the country. Apart from politics, the problems awaiting solution from such a Ministry are numerous and important. First amongst them is the conclusion of commercial treaties with England and the other countries trading with France. The Cabinets which have succeeded one another of late years have not had the strength to disregard the Protectionist coteries which make so much noise in proportion to their limited following in the country. They knew the energy and perseverance of the Protectionists and the apathy of the great mass of consumers, and they feared the hostility of the former more than they valued the good will of the latter. M. Gambetta, however, is probably powerful enough to disregard the manoeuvres of the Protectionists, and to look only to the true interests of France. He is an avowed Free-trader, and is therefore likely to favour a more liberal tariff than M. Tirard's. Nor is he ignorant of economic subjects. While he was contending against the monarchical parties he got himself chosen chairman of the Budget Committee, knowing that, as all measures in the long run cost money, he would thus be in the best possible position to counteract the plans of his opponents and to further his own views. Therefore he comes to the question not without preparation. Besides, as Minister for Foreign Affairs, he may be supposed to feel the desirableness of rescuing France from the isolation in which she now is, and of re-establishing the close relations which formerly subsisted between her and this country. At the Lord Mayor's banquet last week Lord Granville spoke with much hope of the prospects of the treaty with France, and this hope can only have been founded on the supposed desire of M. Gambetta to conclude a more liberal treaty.

A second task is the conversion of the Five per Cents. For several years now the price of the Five per Cents has ranged from 115 to 120, proving conclusively that the conversion is in the nature of things practicable. During all those years the French taxpayers have been paying to the holders of these bonds a larger interest than they need have paid. But, for various reasons, the interests of the taxpayers have been subordinated to those of the rentiers. M. Gambetta himself largely contributed to this state of things. In his famous speech at Romans he publicly protested against the conversion of the Five per Cents, arguing that it would be unjust to those who had come forward to enable France to liberate the territory held by the Germans if the interest paid to them was reduced. It was understood at the time that M. Gambetta's eagerness on behalf of the rentiers was inspired by purely political motives; the peasants were large holders of the Five per Cents, and he feared that a reduction of interest would offend these holders, who had not then been quite won over to the Republic. The peasants now, however, have fully rallied to the Republic, and there can be no sufficient reason for continuing longer to pay them 5 per cent. at the expense of the general taxpayer. Besides, M. Gambetta has it in his power to compensate them for the loss of

interest by reducing at the same time the Land-tax. Apart altogether from the desirableness of preventing any ill feeling amongst the peasants, it is very proper that the Land-tax should be reduced. In several departments it is said that it amounts to four and even five shillings in the pound, which is certainly an excessive charge, and ought to be reduced. It would be possible to effect the reduction if the Five per Cents. were converted. It may be objected that the present is not a good opportunity to propose a conversion, when the price of the stock is considerably lower than it was a few months ago. But the fall in the price has partly been brought about by Stock Exchange considerations alone, and partly it is the result of the formation of M. Gambetta's Ministry. It has for some time come to be supposed that the conversion of the Five per Cents. was postponed only until M. Gambetta came into office; that, in fact, he was reserving it as one of the great measures of his administration; and naturally, therefore, as soon as his accession to power became certain, the price of the stock declined. Nor would a postponement of the measure now be enough to cause a recovery in the price, unless, indeed, it were in some way officially announced that the postponement was for a considerable time. That the conversion could be effected there can be no reasonable doubt. The price of the Three per Cents. is much more material in considering this question than the price of the Five per Cents. The price of the Three per Cents. at the end of last week was between 85 and 86. In other words, the Three per Cents. yielded on the market price just $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. to the investor. The Three per Cents. themselves, however, have been kept down by the existence of the Fives, for the Fives have all along yielded more than 4 per cent. There was, of course, the danger that the Five per Cents. might at any moment be converted, and therefore, although they yielded for the time being 4 per cent. and over, the investor risked a serious loss of capital, as on conversion he would be paid off at par. Still the higher yield of the Five per Cents. attracted many purchasers from the Three per Cents., and kept the price of the latter down. Yet even now, with all the difficulties there are upon the Bourse in Paris, the Three per Cents. yield to the investor only about $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. It is perfectly plain, therefore, that the Five per Cents. might be refunded at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Whether the new Ministry—assuming that it has courage for the task—will issue a $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. or a 4 per cent. bond, or will prefer to reduce at once to 3 per cent. at a discount, remains to be seen. It appears to us that it would be easier to refund at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. at par. But we need not discuss that question now. In his declaration of policy read to the Chamber on Tuesday, M. Gambetta makes no reference to this question of conversion. But it can hardly be assumed that he will go on extracting from the overburdened taxpayers three or four millions sterling more than they ought to pay.

More important, however, than the conversion of the Five per Cents. is the reform of the existing system of taxation in France. After the war, when the annual expenditure was increased about 50 per cent., the necessity of meeting the new charges thrown upon the country compelled the National Assembly to impose taxes upon almost every conceivable object. There was no time to think of political economy when the solvency of France had to be maintained. Accordingly, taxes the most mischievous and most injurious to industry were imposed. Since then, indeed, the astonishing growth of prosperity due to the vast resources of the country and the untiring industry and self-denying thrift of the people, has enabled the taxation to be borne with surprising ease, and year after year there have been large surpluses. Consequently, the Government has been able to remit some of the worst of the taxes imposed before 1875. Still, however, the remissions have not been made upon any system, and the taxation is full of anomalies, as well as in many respects oppressive to industry. A great financial genius, therefore, would endeavour to recast the whole system. During the late elections there was much talk of the imposition of an income-tax for the purpose of reforming the whole taxation of the country, as was done by Sir Robert Peel in this country. It is doubtful, however, whether M. Gambetta will venture upon so strong a measure, although he was at one time known to be favourable to it. But whether there is need for an income-tax, or whether, as many able economists contend, all that is necessary could be done by the help of the surpluses yielded every year, and of the free revenue obtained by the conversion of the Five per Cents., a reform of the system of taxation ought to be taken in hand, and no part of the system requires reform more urgently than the land-tax. The cadastral survey of France upon which the land-tax is based consumed a great many years before it was completed, and consequently the incidence of the tax is most unequal. In some departments, as we have already said, it amounts to four and even five shillings in the pound; while in others, again, it is said not to be a shilling in the pound. For a long time, therefore, there has been an agitation for a new survey, and no doubt a new survey ought to be instituted. But this would occupy much time, and what is now needed is a prompt equalization of the incidence of the tax. It does not seem impossible to remedy at least the most glaring injustices without waiting for a new survey; and this attempt to equalize the incidence of the tax would be a supplement to the reduction of which we have already spoken as a consequence of the conversion of the Five per Cents. M. Gambetta, in fact, seems to promise this when he pledges himself "to alleviate, without compromising the finances, the burdens which weigh upon agriculture."

Lastly, a task not less important than any we have referred to is the extension, or rather perhaps we should say the establishment, of local self-government in France. At present there are over thirty-six thousand communes in France; but more than sixteen thousand of these have less than five hundred inhabitants, and over twenty-seven thousand have less than a thousand inhabitants, while more than thirty-four thousand of them have less than three thousand. It is quite clear that in districts so small as these, were the law ever so good, it would be impossible to establish an effective local government. The population is too small to furnish the kind of men required for administrative purposes. Therefore, the communes should be amalgamated, or a number of the smaller ones should be grouped together so as to form unions large enough to give a chance of furnishing capable and honest administrators. In addition, communes should have the power of rating themselves. At present the communes receive subventions from the State; but the system is altogether wrong, and some portion of the local revenues should be handed over to the local bodies to discharge purely local functions. Further, the power of the *maires* should be diminished, while the powers of the Municipal Councils should be increased. In short, the whole subject of municipal or local government in France requires reform. It is at present chiefly regulated by laws passed under the First and Second Empires, which are now obsolete, and are indeed inconsistent with the Republican institutions of the country. The National Assembly extended the powers of the Municipal Councils, and so did Acts passed by the later Assemblies; but still the whole system wants revision and reform. One great difficulty in the way of reform no doubt is that, if the power of taxation for school and sanitary purposes is vested in the Municipal Councils, they may be too niggardly to provide properly for education and sanitation. But it ought not to be beyond the power of Government to guard against this danger, just as it is guarded against amongst ourselves. It will be seen, then, that the field of domestic reform before a great and capable Ministry is very large in France, and that, in fact, almost all the work which has been done in England since the first Reform Act is still awaiting the hands of the reformer in France.

REVIEWS.

MORLEY'S LIFE OF COBDEN.*

MR. MORLEY has not disappointed the high expectations which were justified by his former essays in political biography. In his *Life of Burke* he had proved his ability to appreciate the character and genius of a statesman whose opinions in one part of his career differed widely from his own. With his present subject he is in more perfect or more continuous sympathy; for Cobden's doctrines and aspirations, though they may not have been so extensive as his biographer's, are all included in Mr. Morley's political creed. It may be added that neither theories nor efforts to apply them to practice exhaust the interest of personal history. What a man did, however important it may have been to the world, concerns the student of character chiefly as an illustration of what the man was in himself. Mr. Morley unnecessarily apologizes for mentioning some facts relating to Cobden's private circumstances. His story would have been incomplete if he had not shown that Cobden was able to receive, on more than one occasion, pecuniary aid from public and private friends without in any way compromising his dignity or independence. The few passages which disclose portions of his domestic and social life are the most interesting parts of a book which is nowhere tedious or dull. Mr. Morley confirms the uniform tradition of his kindly disposition and of the variety and freshness of his conversation. "I was introduced to Mr. Cobden," said a lady of good judgment in a Memoir published some years ago, "and found him a poetical, imaginative man, talking with the greatest delight of Egypt, where he has not been." "He had," according to Mr. Morley, "a large and powerful head, and the indescribable charm of a candid eye. His features were not of a commanding type, but they were well illuminated and rendered attractive by the brightness of intelligence, of sympathy, and of earnestness. About the mouth there was a curiously winning mobility and play." The extreme bitterness of his tones when he was denouncing the landed gentry or his other opponents may be mentioned in connexion with Mr. Morley's statement that "his voice was clear, varied in its tones, sweet and penetrating." No popular speaker has ever relied more habitually on closeness of argument; but his invective was full of angry feeling. "Of nervous fire he had abundance, though it was not the fire which flames up in the radiant colours of a strong imagination. It was rather the glow of a thoroughly convinced reason, of intellectual superiority, of argumentative keenness. . . . I have asked many scores of those who knew him, Conservatives as well as Liberals, what this secret was; and in no single case did my interlocutor fail to begin, and in nearly every case he ended as he had begun, with the word *persuasiveness*." Mérimée, who seldom spoke well of an Englishman, said, as quoted by Mr. Morley, that Cobden "was a

* *The Life of Richard Cobden*. By John Morley. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall, Limited.

man of an extremely interesting mind, quite the opposite of an Englishman in this respect, that you never hear him talk common-places, and that he has few prejudices." Mr. Morley has been misled by a blunder of Mr. George Combe's into ascribing to "some great lady" the phrase that Cobden's policy "never rose beyond a bagman's millennium." The sneer is supposed to proceed from "the class whose lives are one long course of indolence, dilettantism, and sensuality." The lady, whatever may have been her own vices or those of her class, was only quoting the saying of one who belonged to a different class, and who was certainly not given to indolence or sensuality. Carlyle, in a moment of irritation caused by injudicious and prolonged eulogies on Cobden, once propounded the paradox that he was "an inspired bagman who believed in a calico millennium." At other times he did fuller justice to the great champion of free trade; but his epigram naturally survived the expression of his serious judgment.

Mr. Morley allows O'Connell the first rank in the list of agitators, and assigns to Cobden the second. The repeal of the Corn Laws may be placed on a level with Catholic Emancipation. In the failure of other movements the successful leaders of the two great popular associations shared the same fortune. In other respects the resemblance is superficial or non-existent. O'Connell had all the qualities and defects of a demagogue. Cobden never compromised his character for honesty or his self-respect. He and his celebrated ally, though they are among the most powerful and famous of agitators, are also the purest; and Cobden was superior to all competitors in general moderation and fairness. Even during the short period of his unpopularity at the time of the Crimean war, Cobden always commanded, as he candidly acknowledged, the attention and respect of the House of Commons. From his first entrance into Parliament, his upright character and his intellectual power were fully recognized. No man doubted his sincere belief in a millennium, though it might be erroneously supposed to consist of calico. Even if he had not been supported by a great material force out of doors, Cobden would have been after his second or third Session regarded as a Parliamentary leader. His estimate of the rival or predecessor with whom he was often compared throws remarkable light on his own character. "I found," he says in a letter to George Combe, "the populace of Ireland represented in the House by a body of men, with O'Connell at their head, with whom I could feel no more sympathy or identity than with people whose language I did not understand. In fact, morally, I felt a complete antagonism and repulsion towards them. O'Connell always treated me with friendly attention, but I never shook hands with him or faced his smile without a feeling of insecurity; and, as for trusting him on any public question where his vanity or passions might interpose, I should as soon have thought of alliance with an Ashantee chief." Mr. Morley adds the strange comment that "Cobden is here unjust to O'Connell. He opposed the Corn Bill of 1815, and was true to the League in the light from 1838 to 1846." It was surely possible that a demagogue with the morals of an African savage might take the right side on one political question. Cobden himself had, with questionable propriety, subscribed to O'Connell's rent. He was not bound to think every opponent of the Corn Law or every adherent of the League an honest man. His judgment of O'Connell was substantially just, though it was perhaps coloured by a conscious antipathy of nature. It is probable that he would feel but little sympathy with the present representatives of the populace of Ireland.

In recording the victory of the Corn Law League, Mr. Morley deliberately abstains from arguing questions which are no longer subjects of serious controversy, or from writing a handbook of political economy. Cobden admitted that he and his friends began the agitation with a belief that they were vindicating the rights and interests of their own class against an oppressive monopoly. During the progress of the contest his views gradually enlarged into a belief, which was sometimes exaggerated or premature, that freedom of trade was the essential condition of international co-operation and harmony. It was impossible that he should avoid illusions, or that he should always do justice to opponents. When Peel began his wise and comprehensive reforms of the tariff, Cobden seems to have perversely dwelt on the inconsistency of reducing or abolishing minor duties while the first necessary of life was heavily taxed. With stranger blindness he joined in the clamour against the Income-tax, which was the necessary instrument of all fiscal reform. At a later period he became an advocate of direct taxation; but he never seems to have understood the true principle of equal assessment. It was not until Peel avowed his conversion to the principle of free trade in corn that Cobden recognized his disinterested sagacity. It fortunately happened that at the same time Peel repeated in plainer terms his retraction of a charge which Cobden had deeply resented. Mr. Morley publishes for the first time a remarkable letter, in which Cobden privately proposed to Peel that, after the passing of the Corn Bill, he should appeal to the country by a dissolution, and place himself at the head of the middle-class Liberals in opposition to the combined Protectionists and Whigs. To the end of his life Cobden regarded Peel as the best and greatest statesman of his time. With Lord John Russell he had but a faint and intermittent sympathy; and he entertained the strongest political aversion to Lord Palmerston. In his later years, he seems to have preferred Disraeli to both the Whig leaders.

Fourteen years intervened between the great triumph of the League and Cobden's second great achievement. Mr. Morley, who has had the advantage of consulting Cobden's friend and

colleague, Sir Louis Mallet, corrects the common impression that the Emperor of the French was the first to conceive the project of the Commercial Treaty. The scheme originated in conversations between M. Chevalier and Cobden, who communicated the notion to Mr. Gladstone. Next to Cobden himself, the chief promoter of the treaty, was M. Rouher, who counteracted the impressions on the Emperor's mind which were produced by the remonstrances of his Protectionist colleagues. Cobden himself had the merit of convincing Napoleon III. of the advantage which the French nation would derive from extended commerce with England. His own object was rather political than economical, for he overrated the efficiency of trading interests in securing international peace. In his own Government he had no cordial supporter except Mr. Gladstone; and he complained that the Foreign Office, then administered by Lord John Russell, allowed him less discretion than that which he had exercised when he was travelling for a firm of calico-printers at the age of twenty. His correspondence at the time teems with angry denunciations of Lord Palmerston, who frequently expressed in Parliament his suspicions of ambitious designs on the part of the French Emperor, and who carried through Parliament a Bill for expending several millions on defensive fortifications. The precautions of the English Government may perhaps have rendered Cobden's negotiations more difficult; but the result showed that Lord Palmerston's measures were not incompatible with the simultaneous policy of Cobden and Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Morley publishes an admirable letter written by Lord John Russell in answer to Cobden's remonstrances. The Minister declined to be dependent on the forbearance of a foreign potentate who might perhaps have been tempted to encroachment against an unarmed neighbour. In 1859 the Emperor had professed peaceable intentions up to the eve of his declaration of war against Austria; and in 1860 he had suddenly taken possession of Savoy and Nice. Notwithstanding Cobden's prejudices, the preparations of the English Government may have had something to do with the maintenance of peace. His violent opposition to the organization of the Volunteer force was in the highest degree unreasonable. After an experience of twenty years, there is a unanimous belief that a system which combines opportunities of manly recreation with security against possible dangers is beneficial to the country.

It is not a little remarkable that a politician of extraordinary ability who more than once achieved great success should have devoted a large portion of his time and energy to abortive enterprises. During the latter part of the Corn Law agitation and in the following years Cobden founded the most sanguine hopes on a chimerical project of swamping the county representation by means of faggot votes. Artisans were exhorted to invest their savings in freehold houses, which would, if they were to be scattered over country districts, have formed the most precarious of properties. It is evident that if the contrivance had in the first instance proved effectual, the landowners could have easily outbid and outnumbered the intruders from the manufacturing towns; nor was it probable that rural constituencies would have tamely surrendered their rights. The principal result of the agitation was to disgust the people of Lancashire with the dictation of the League, which immediately before a general election announced that the representation of the county was to be divided between Manchester and Liverpool. Fortunately both the nominees of the great towns were defeated by more legitimate candidates. Cobden's conscientious propagation of the doctrines of peace was scarcely more prosperous; and there is reason to believe that it was one of the causes of the Russian war. Mr. Kinglake truly declares, in a passage quoted by Mr. Morley, that the Peace party was powerless to oppose the war because it had denounced all wars. It is true that Cobden's opposition to war was rather economical than sentimental, but he was associated with fanatics who had renounced all sense of national honour. His friend and follower Mr. Gilpin published a pamphlet in which some philanthropic wiseacre undertook to prove that it would cost less to submit to an invader than to resist him by arms. Cobden unwillingly admitted that the war with Russia was from beginning to end deeply and almost universally popular. The last great controversies in which he had to take part were caused by the American Civil War and by the Danish complication. During the earlier part of the American struggle he consistently recommended acquiescence in the secession of the Southern States; but his sympathies were afterwards enlisted on the side of the North by the proclamation for emancipating the slaves; and he was probably influenced by Mr. Bright's passionate devotion to the cause of the Union. He had twice visited the States, and he heartily sympathized with their institutions. In one of his letters he says that as an Englishman he has no ambitious desires, but that the case would have been different if he had been an American "like Charles Sumner or Amasa Walker." Amasa Walker, whoever he may have been, is long since forgotten. Charles Sumner is principally remembered by his profligate attempt to engage his country in war with England on the shameful pretext of the indirect claims. There could be no doubt that Cobden would strenuously oppose the intervention of England in the quarrel between Germany and Denmark. He perhaps shared with the pacific majority of the Cabinet imperfect knowledge of the merits of a question in which the aggressor for once was in the right; but he appreciated more justly than Lord Palmerston and Lord Russell the danger of a rupture with Germany.

It appears from Mr. Morley's narrative that Cobden, during

nearly the whole of his political life, abstained from organic agitation, though he shared the opinions of his more pugnacious friend and colleague on the theory of representation. In an early letter Cobden says that he approves in principle of universal suffrage and of republican institutions, but that he confines his efforts to a different class of political objects. From time to time he expressed a doubt whether the masses of the people were more enlightened than the governing aristocracy, to which he was irreconcilably hostile. He was profoundly impressed with the enthusiastic reception accorded to the Duke of Wellington at the opening of the Exhibition of 1851. When the Duke died, a few months later, he allowed that no representative of the warlike spirit had ever been more simple or more upright. Only a few years before he had, with ill feeling and bad taste, of which he was seldom guilty, publicly declared that the Duke was in his dotage because he had recommended, in his celebrated letter to Sir John Burgoyne, additional preparations for national defence. Cobden's political hostility to Lord Palmerston was deeper and more permanent; yet he ultimately arrived at the conclusion that his lifelong antagonist was, like himself, sincere. It would be tedious, if it were practicable, to notice all the varieties of Cobden's political activity. Mr. Morley's masterly work will perpetuate the memory of his achievements, and it may perhaps involuntarily disguise his not infrequent failures. No candid reader of the book can doubt either the honesty of Cobden's motives or the greatness of his intellectual qualities. It may be added that in his lifetime he commanded universal respect, and that the current of opinion since his death has tended to ample recognition of his merits. He was, on the whole, enviable in his public career and in his private life; nor has any one of his contemporaries thus far been so fortunate in a biographer.

THE EASTERN MENACE.*

WE cannot congratulate Colonel Cory on the form which he has given to this book, though we are ready to admit that there are many excuses for him. He wrote in 1876 a book with a title, or at least a second title, like that of the present volume. The intervening five years have naturally strengthened his case, and provided him with the opportunity of saying "I told you so" with rather unusual force. His original volume is out of print, and he feels that some kind of re-issue of it is desirable. But at this point his difficulties begin. He cannot resist the temptation of keeping a considerable portion of what he then wrote, and he cannot resign himself to the necessity of writing a new book. So, trusting in that most fatal of all maxims, *medio tutissimus*, he tries to make a compromise. He keeps the 1876 body, and puts upon it an 1881 head. He has added, he tells us, a third of new matter; and, though we cannot pretend to have verified the statement, we have not the least reason for disbelieving it. But the inevitable result is a succession of gaps and a recurrence of inconsequences in the reasoning. At one moment references to a present state of things apply to 1876; at another they apply to 1881. Now we have to consider the state of affairs as dominated by the desire of Lord Beaconsfield to make England strong and respected; now to consider it as dominated by the desire of Mr. Gladstone to administer delicate sootherings to the national conscience. The condition of the reader may best be described by the analogy of a man who looks through an opera-glass the focus of which is being constantly, and almost without warning, shifted.

To these inconveniences of the present edition or re-issue have to be added certain drawbacks which appear to have been integral parts of the original work. Colonel Cory, with the best intentions in the world, appears not to have mastered that fundamental principle of sport and literature which deprecates the hunting of half a dozen hares at once. From the incorporation of at least one paper which has undoubtedly and professedly done duty as an article in a periodical, we are led to suspect that the book, as a whole, has something of the character of a conglomerate. The result is not satisfactory. There is no doubt that such subjects as the injustice done to the old Company's servants, both before and after the Mutiny; the drawbacks of short service; the insufficiency of the Staff Corps system, and the under-officering of the native troops; the magazine eccentricities of Sir Garnet Wolseley; the great armaments of European Powers; the steady progress of Russia; the parsimony of English Parliaments; the political prejudice of Major Baring; the logical ineptitude of Sir R. Norman; the bland audacity of the Duke of Argyll in suppression and suggestion; the conduct of the generals charged with the Afghan expeditions, and so forth, all have something, and some of them a great deal, to do with the question of the peril which undoubtedly menaces England in the East. We are in full agreement with Colonel Cory on most of these points, and not in any great disagreement with him on the rest. But the worst of it is that in his case it is emphatically impossible to see the wood for the trees. A dissertation on the merits and demerits of Lord Lytton's Indian administration, still more on the successful attempt of the Duke of Argyll to hoodwink the constituencies two years ago as to the causes of the Afghan war, may be interesting in itself, but it is a case of *quid hoc ad Iphicli boves* in reference to the actual presence of Russia at Anna and her threatened

presence at Sarakhs. There is no doubt that there were many excuses for the officers of the old Indian army in the matter of the fatal security which handed them over, feet and hands tied, to the mutineers; but it is mere fiddling while Rome is burning to argue out this point when the Russians are within striking distance of Meshed, and almost within striking distance of Herat.

Although Colonel Cory has evidently done his best to adjust the new patch to the old garment, unfortunate discrepancies insist on making their appearance. He says that thirty years ago the outposts of Russia and England respectively were Loodiana and Astrakhan. The statement was true, after a fashion, in 1876; it is not true in 1881, and Colonel Cory must surely be well enough acquainted with the kind of adversary he has to meet among the prophets of smooth things to know the use that will be made of such a slip as this. Even where striking working-up of his material was possible he has not condescended to it. He had a great opportunity in a quotation which in his original book he made from a defender of the "ostrich policy" in the October number of *Fraser*, 1875. The wiseacre who wrote this used the following words:—"If the writers of leading articles in the daily press who frighten us with the rapid advance of Russia towards our Indian frontier could but form an adequate idea of the vast distance, the arid wastes, the exhausting climates, and gigantic mountain ranges which must be surmounted," &c. Colonel Cory apparently could not find in his heart to sacrifice his original answer to this plea, and therefore it is not for some pages that he makes, and then very distantly and feebly, the necessary parallel between the optimist ignorance of 1875 and the hard facts of 1881. The vast distance and the arid wastes and all the rest of it are gone, and in a very few months Russia will have a continuous line of railway and steamboat communication from St. Petersburg, through her own territory, direct to the waters of the Heri Rud or its tributaries. Colonel Cory knows this—he wishes to say it; but his seven-year-old arguments are too dear to him to be abandoned, and so he talks ancient history instead of talking modern fact.

Even these criticisms do not exhaust what has to be said against this unlucky book. Colonel Cory has weighted it with a prelude and a conclusion of the finest abstract eloquence. In the former we are treated to a demonstration of the improbability attending the theory of the approaching extinction of war, with abundant supporting quotations from Mr. W. R. Greg and Mr. Herbert Spencer. We again fully agree with Colonel Cory, but we wish to goodness that he would come to business. The epilogue takes us up to the Kara Korum passes, and in really elegant language talks to us about the "quick grip of the frozen wind," the "glint like a diamond of shattered glaciers," the "dark, olive-hued forests," the locusts, the course of empires, &c. "I think," said an Oxford tutor once with much politeness to a flowery essayist, "that it would be better if you would kindly suppose that I am a plain man, wishing to be convinced about the point at issue." That is what Colonel Cory seems altogether unable to suppose in reference to his readers. Those who agree with his views do not need references to Mr. W. R. Greg and Mr. Herbert Spencer, or picturesque descriptions of an imaginary traveller in the mountains north of Cashmere. Those who disagree with him will certainly not be converted by these things, and will probably laugh. We do not by any means say that a man who is dealing with what seems to him (and, we may frankly add, to us) a great national peril may not justly indulge in passages of impassioned eloquence, but he must earn the right to do this by marshalling his facts with rigorous exactitude, by giving no loophole of escape to the enemy, and by doing the logical smashing before he does the rhetorical ornament. Colonel Cory, we are sorry to say, has not done this. He had an excellent case, and he has made very little of it indeed. Some of the facts are there; but they are so awkwardly arranged, and wrapped up in such folds of irrelevant matter, that only those who know them already are at all likely to discover them or to draw from them the right conclusion.

The shortcomings of the book are all the more unfortunate because a book such as it might have been is really very much wanted. It is impossible to read the debates in Parliament, and still more impossible to read the extra-Parliamentary speeches of Ministers and the articles of partisan newspapers, without perceiving that an enormous number of persons in England are really without the least knowledge of the facts of the case. We have seen lately a remark made by an opponent of the policy of Lord Beaconsfield as to the contrast between the profound peace of India at the time of the Crimean war and the agitation caused by the war of 1877. Whether the peace of India was quite so profound as the author of this remark seems to think is another matter. But the remark itself seems to show what we believe to be a very general ignorance as to the profound and all-important alterations which have occurred in the relations of England and Russia respectively towards India in the last quarter of a century. An accurate and careful demonstration, assisted by plenty of maps, and made in forcible but not exaggerated language, of the difference between the state of things then and now would be invaluable. Ample materials for such a demonstration exist. There is nothing to prevent any one who has access to these materials, and is possessed of fair military and general information and of a tolerable literary style, from drawing up a statement of facts which should be absolutely impregnable, and which would exhibit the ostrich policy in its true light. Colonel Cory could have got at the materials; but he has only made the vaguest and most general references to them. He must be supposed to have the military and general information; but he shows little more

* *The Eastern Menace*. By Colonel Arthur Cory. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

trace of it than any ordinary journalist. Even as it is, his book would be a hard nut for the Duke of Argyll or Mr. Grant Duff to crack. But, unfortunately, its hardness is of the kind which makes it unnecessary as well as useless to attempt to crack it. It is unattractive in form to the general reader, and we doubt very much whether it would be found particularly instructive in matter. Even such an obvious thing as a sketch of the Turcoman campaigns of Lomakin, Lazareff, and Skobeleff, and a clear statement of their results, does not seem to have suggested itself to Colonel Cory as a necessary addition to his matter of 1876. He mentions, indeed, these campaigns and their results, but that is all. Now what the average "man in the Peckham omnibus" and the average member of Parliament who represents him require is exactly this detailed demonstration. They have both heard the conclusions put by Tory orators and seen them put by Tory writers, and they can afford to discard them as mere Tory stock-in-trade. But give them the premises, and there might be some chance of their opening their eyes to the fact that the Gaul is literally at the gates. It is the business of a writer of books, as distinguished from a writer of articles, to give facts—well-arranged facts, of course—but still facts, and plenty of them. This is exactly what Colonel Cory has not done; and, therefore, with all respect for his good intentions, we cannot discern in his volume any likelihood of its being of the use which it might have been if its author had been better advised, and especially if he had not had the unlucky idea of patching up an old book into a new one.

MR. BUCHANAN'S STUDY OF HATE.*

"THIS romance," Mr. Buchanan is kind enough to inform us in some prefatory words, "is the third work of prose fiction from the writer's pen. In each of these works a subject has been taken which, though poetical in itself, involved a treatment transcending the exact limits of verse," whatever they may be. Now this is thoughtful on Mr. Buchanan's part. Without the bush which he has considerably stuck over his wine we might have failed to see, to use an Americanism, where the poetry came in. With this warning, when we come upon passages which, if they do not mean much, contain a great many fine words which would certainly not have been used by the people into whose mouths they have been put, we at once know that this is due to the fact that the subject of the work is poetical in itself. Mr. Buchanan, indeed, is generous with his information. Each of the last three works he has written, he goes on to tell us, "has a particular 'idea' or purpose, and descends to what some critics call the heresy of instruction. *The Shadow of the Sword* is a poetical polemic against public war"—its hero, we remember, refused to serve in the army from the purest motives, but had no compunction in knocking people over from a convenient hiding-place—" *God and the Man* is a study of the vanity and folly of individual Hate; *The Martyrdom of Madeline* has for its theme the social conspiracy against Woman-kind." There is much that is pleasing in this kind of guide for critics and readers, but perhaps the most exquisite phrase in it is that which speaks of Mr. Buchanan's works descending to what some critics call the heresy of instruction.

God and the Man may indeed be called instructive in a certain way; but that way, it is safe to suppose, is not the way which Mr. Buchanan meant when he wrote the remarkable sentences quoted above. Besides this advertisement to the reader, Mr. Buchanan's "study of the vanity and folly of individual Hate" is prefaced by a "Proem" in verse, which is very far from being to our taste, but from which some lines may be quoted as a sample of its quality. It begins with a statement by a supposed speaker that he hates all men, and especially one man, and all other men because of that one man, and that "if God stood there revealed full bare" he would pray a prayer in despair:—

And the prayer would be, Yield up to me,
This man alone of all men that see!
Give him to me, and to misery!
Give me this man, if a God thou be!

Shape on the headland in the night,
Gaunt, ghastly, kneeling on his knee,
He prays: his baffled prayers take flight,
Like screaming sea-birds, thro' the light
That streams across the sleeping sea.
From the black depths of man's despair,
Rose ever so accurst a prayer?
His hands clench and his eyeballs roll,
Hate's famine sickens in his soul.

The book itself opens clumsily enough with a prologue, in which we are introduced to Christian Christianson, an old man of ninety who is surrounded by nephews and great-nephews, and so on. We hear a good deal of these people and their relations with each other; we are told how "pretty maidens sip out of the glasses of their cousins, and lovers, while fond feet meet and knees touch under the table"; two of the boys quarrel, and one draws a knife; the old man beckons to them, and tells them to love one another; and from that time to the end of the book we hear nothing more of the little crowd of characters that appear in the first chapter. The writer goes back at once to the time of the old man's

youth, and "descends to the heresy of instruction" by telling the story of his life. This story, it may be noted, is curiously at variance with what is contained in the prologue. In the prologue we find this said of Christian's career:—"A stormy life and a terrible, say the gossips, not without blood's sin, and such crimes as twice told lift the hair and shake the soul; for if they speak sooth, he has sailed under the black flag in the Indian seas, and taken his share in the traffic of human life." Now, according to the story, nothing of this kind was ever done by Christian. The author may reply that he has put in the qualification "say the gossips," but the excuse will hardly better his position. The prologue is in its essence inartistic; but this would be perhaps the most inartistic touch in it if the words were so meant. There is no hint that the gossips were likely to be wrong, and thus expectations are aroused in a reader's mind which are never fulfilled. But the fact is that the proem, the prologue, and the study of the vanity and folly of individual Hate all hang so badly together that it is perhaps absurd to apply any critical standard to their relations with each other. One's natural impression—which may of course be quite mistaken—from comparing the proem and the book is that the book was an afterthought owing its existence to the proem, and that the author's love of his own work in the proem led him to stick it in front of the book without any regard to consistency. In the same way the prologue may or may not be the relic of a scheme which was never fully carried out, but of which the writer chose to retain the beginning merely because he had written it. If these things are not so, and if the entire book was and is intended for a harmonious whole, Mr. Buchanan has proved himself to be curiously ignorant of some of the elementary things with which a novel-writer who talks with such glib assurance of his own work ought to be acquainted. In connexion with the proem, before we return to the study of the vanity and folly of individual Hate, it may be noted that Mr. Barnard—whose work we have often had occasion to praise, and who has done some good drawings for other parts of the book—has illustrated this with an unhappy caricature of a well-known living actor. Probably the likeness is unintentional, and possibly Mr. Barnard's artistic taste made it impossible for him to put forth his best work on such a subject as he had to deal with.

But to come back to Christian Christianson, the old man with the relations who, so to speak, flash in the pan in the prologue. When he was a youth there was, and had been from time immemorial, a kind of Corsican feud between the Christiansons and the Orchardsons. The Orchardsons were at this time in a better position than the Christiansons, and, as far as the family feud went, matters were not mended by Christian's father dying in debt to Squire Orchardson. Before this occurred, to quote some of the author's fine writing, "the Orchardsons were more than shadows on the lives of the Christiansons; the very thought of them lay like lead upon the breast, choking the wholesome breath." If the very thought of them lay like lead, they themselves must certainly have been more than shadows, and, indeed, they proved to be tolerably substantial enemies. What happened was this: Christian was brought up by his brother to cherish the traditional hatred of the Orchardsons. Richard Orchardson, while they were lads, poisoned a dog of Christian's, and Christian, beside himself with rage, "swung the boy," who was a cripple, "round and flung him from him with one wild push and blow." Later in life Richard seduced and abandoned Christian's sister, and at the same time made love to Priscilla Sefton, daughter of a disciple of Wesley, with whom Christian had fallen in love. The drawing of Priscilla's character is in its essence decidedly creditable to the author, but it is spoilt, as is much else in the book, by the unequal and unsuccessful attempt to reproduce the speech and manners of a past time. But it is only fair to the author to say that in the case of Priscilla it is certainly less obvious than it is in other cases that, whoever is supposed to be speaking, and in whatever mood, the voice is the voice of Mr. Buchanan. The author's unlucky desire to impress us with a sense of a past time is the more unfortunate, since it comes upon us not long after the one really satisfactory attempt of the kind which has been made since the days of *Emond*. To return, however, to the story of Christian and Richard. Kate Christianson, having in vain entreated Richard Orchardson to do her right, starts on a solitary journey. Here, again, Mr. Buchanan puts himself in the unhappy position of challenging comparison with other writers. He tells us the story of Kate Christianson's journey on foot in her sorrow, and with her impending trouble. Such a story was told in *Adam Bede*, and has since been told by Mr. Hardy in *Far from the Madding Crowd*. Mr. Buchanan was ill advised in trying to tell it again. He has a fine flow of big words, and a nice derangement of epithets at his command, but he is lamentably unequal to dealing adequately with such a theme as this. So, again, his treatment of the subsequent discovery of Kate's shame by her mother and brother is a crude and clumsy piece of work. It is even more impossible to believe in the brutality of Mrs. Christianson than in that of her son, and the result of the author's deplorable attempt to deal with a tragic situation is both repulsive and feeble. Nor can we give any praise to the melodramatic scene between Christian and Squire Orchardson in the death-chamber of Christian's mother. This is by no means an unfair example of the general style of the book, and we may lay a part of it before our readers. Christian has brought the old Squire into the room by means of a lying tale, and the Squire, having taken in the situation with considerable presence of mind, asks what more Christian wants.

"Only this," answered Christian: "if you were not an old man, you

* *God and the Man*. A Romance. By Robert Buchanan, Author of "A Child of Nature," "The Shadow of the Sword." 3 vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1881.

should not leave this house to-night alive. But you may go. My reckoning shall be with your son."

Mr. Orchardson walked towards the door; then, as if impelled by a sudden thought, he turned quickly, and fixed his keen eyes on Christian's face.

"My son hath no reason to love you," he said, quietly; "but what evil hath he done you, that you should hate him so?"

Christian did not reply, but met the old man's eye with a look of terrible meaning.

"My son is a gentleman," continued Mr. Orchardson. "If you are thinking of the lying tales concerning him and your unhappy sister, let me tell you that he is innocent in that matter; nay, I have it from his own lips that he is innocent. And even were he guilty as you believe, 'tis but a boy's folly, and he would make amends."

With the swiftness and ferocity of a wild animal, Christian crossed the room towards Mr. Orchardson, who shrank back as if apprehending personal violence. But though his clenched hands were raised trembling in the air, he struck no blow.

"Your son hath betrayed my sister, and killed my mother, who lieth yonder. No matter where he is hiding, I shall find him. No matter how long I may have to wait, I shall kill him; and I should kill you this night, for the wrong you did my father, if I did not wish you to live to see my vengeance on your son—to see him lying dead before you—killed by my hand."

The old man shrank back in horror, less at the words than at the expression on the speaker's face.

"Wretch!" he gasped, "I will swear the peace against you. The law—"

"No law will save your son from me. It will be life for life, and may God's curse blind me if I do not as I have sworn! Now begone!"

Christian pointed to the door. With an exclamation, half-angry, half-fearful, Mr. Orchardson shrank away before the outstretched hand, and tottered out into the night, closing the hall door with a crash behind him.

After these events, Priscilla and her father start for America in the ship *Miles Standish*. Richard Orchardson goes with them as a passenger; Christian, under an assumed name, as a deck hand. Christian is very justly put in irons for a murderous attack on Orchardson, Priscilla intercedes for him with the kind-hearted captain (whose American talk says little for Mr. Buchanan's power of observation or research), and while Christian is still in irons Orchardson fires the ship. The boats are got out, and their occupants are picked up by a ship commanded by a Dutch skipper, who is about as Dutch as the other skipper is American; they get astray into the regions of ice, and are beset by flocks; and finally Christian and his enemy are left alone together on a desert shore. What happens then it would be hardly fair to the author to tell. His description of it seems to be meant for the capital part of the book, and is, it seems to us, more high-flown and less successful than what has gone before. It is here, too, apparently that "the heresy of instruction" is intended to have a special force, which to some readers it may or may not seem to have. To our thinking, this part of the work is even more frothy, more pretentious, and more unpleasant than is the rest.

HINDU SOCIETY.*

THE writer of this work would doubtless, if he had been born and lived in England, be termed by friends and foes an advanced Liberal. He is a Hindu gentleman, a native of Lower Bengal, and a member of one of the three great houses or clans which, by popular consent and unimpeachable tradition, are known as the Kulin Kayasts of Bengal. They are called Bose, Ghose, and Mitra. There is a story that when, some eight hundred or a thousand years ago, a monarch of Upper India sent down to Bengal five virtuous and learned Brahmins to revive the dying fires of a decaying Hindu faith, these reformers were accompanied by five excellent servants, who in their turn became the heads of the Kayast or writer caste. Inevitably, however, this caste split up into further ramifications, and the descendants of those ancient missionaries—for such in one sense they were—are now divided into three large groups, of which the first comprises three, the second eight, and the last seventy-two houses. Members of this caste, especially those of the first two divisions, are amongst the most useful and efficient of our public servants in India. They are to be found, ambitious and hardworking, in every department of civil life, as Inspectors of Police, as Assistant Surgeons, as clerks in the Secretariat, as accountants in the Treasury, and they are highly valued in mercantile establishments by reason of their neat penmanship, good habits of business, and knowledge of arithmetic. One of the most practical chemists of his generation is a Dêh, one of the eight houses of the second group. Two native judges of the High Court at Calcutta have been selected from the *gens* Mitra. Brahmins may easily surpass the Kayasts in erudition, and the former class has produced Oriental statesmen who for acuteness, tact, versatility, high breeding, and ability to discuss political problems with Englishmen on something like a footing of equality, may be termed the ablest of our Aryan kinsmen. But for readiness to adapt themselves to every phase of officialdom and general usefulness, we doubt much if any body of men can excel the Kayasts of Bengal.

We are not certain whether the writer of this volume has ever held any important public office; but it is clear that he has so mastered English thought and literature that he may fairly be termed, in the words of Dean Stanley in his *Jewish Church*, a link

between "the immovable repose of the Oriental and the endless activity and freedom of the Occidental World." He was brought up originally in the Institution of the General Assembly at Calcutta, when, before the secession of the Free Kirk in 1843, it was under the management of the first missionary of his age, the late Alexander Duff. He is old enough to have witnessed a Suttee in the person of his own aunt, and this fact alone must take him back to a period antecedent to 1829. As a witness to native customs and peculiarities his testimony is unimpeachable; and one valuable characteristic of his work is that he prefers to lecture his own countrymen on their shortcomings rather than to patronize condescendingly the Anglo-Indian administration to which he and many more owe everything that makes their life worth living. No one objects to know what Hindus and Mohammedans really think of a foreign rule. There is not an able statesman or administrator, from Chittagong to the Derajat, who would not be glad to know where exactly the Anglo-Indian shoe pinches the Oriental foot; what forms of taxation are most tolerable to the community; what evils may be best left to time and education, and what imperatively demand the interference of law. But very little is to be got at in this direction from the pert addresses of "Young Bengal," who, whether in the Town Hall at Calcutta or from a lofty platform in the Strand, condescends to criticize the inferior civilization of England and to inform his benighted rulers how much they have yet to learn. From this priggishness, fostered unhappily by English gentlemen and ladies, Shib Chunder Bose is happily free. Another gratifying feature of the work is a commendatory preface from the Scotch divine who is now at the head of the General Assembly's Institution. We do not apprehend that there is any chance of the author's conversion to Christianity, but the kindly feeling existing between him and a gentleman whose avowed object is the dethronement of Hindu superstition is noteworthy; and it is quite certain that the purpose of the writer is fearlessly to expose domestic immorality, ruthlessly to sweep away childish, antiquated, and degrading superstitions, and conclusively to show that the result of a sound English education ought really to be something beyond vague manifestoes about improvement and pompous talk of reform. On the other hand, no one must take up the book under the impression that he will thereby be initiated into the mysteries of Eleusis, and we have been amused by a criticism in the columns of a weekly contemporary, who complains that a perusal of this work yielded him nothing but disappointment. We must take these disclosures exactly as they are intended. Here is no material for any Oriental novel; nor must we expect luminous disquisitions on the "points of contact" between the East and the West. But, without ministering to pruriency or making shocking disclosures which a naughty society would rush to read, the veil is removed from the Zenana, and we have an enumeration of the ceremonies practised at the birth of a Hindu, at his assumption, if a Brahman, of the sacred thread, at his marriage, at his death, and at the *Śrāddha*, or sacrificial supper to deceased relations. The details of each of these events, as well as the ceremonies of cherished national festivals, such as the Durga and the Kali Puja, are given with a fulness and a minuteness to which no Englishman can pretend. The female side of a respectable native house is, we need hardly say, sealed against all Englishmen. The writer of this review, like others of his countrymen on rare occasions where the law is invoked, has been admitted in the presence of the father and a family priest, to speak with a Bengali lady of the highest caste, through the intervention of a thin curtain, and has been allowed to satisfy himself that she was not, as alleged, under any sort of illegal restraint or compulsion. But to enter the precincts of the *Andar Mahāl* or Zenana is reserved for English ladies only, and such have been witnesses of the staid demeanour of the *Ma Thakoorani* or old lady at the head of the household, and the bright eyes and intelligent looks of the younger members. On such occasions Soudamoni or Braja Sundari have been known to scream with delight when the wife of the Judge or Commissioner has taken off her dark-coloured glove, and have pestered her with questions about the exact value of her ornaments and the affection of her husband.

It would be almost presumptuous in any Englishman, whatever may have been his facilities for mixing with natives, to criticize the native phrases and expressions with which this volume overflows, or to pretend to set the author right where he says when sweetmeats are to be brought round, when betel must be chewed, or what part of the person is to be smeared with turmeric. No doubt the descriptions of public and private ceremonies have, as we are informed in the preface, been vouched for by natives of a younger and no less highly educated generation. The author's name and position, we are confident, are guarantees for the accuracy of every formula; and he could, if required, explain critically and grammatically the meaning of every Sanskrit phrase. But we are bound to say that some of his renderings in English are loose, vague, and inaccurate, and that it would be extremely risky for any person unacquainted with Sanskrit and its derivatives to take some of the expressions away from the context and employ them confidently elsewhere. For instance, we are told that "in the villages *Chanaka Sloaca*, or elementary exercises, are still given as a sort of moral exercise." A *Chanakya Sloka* is really a couplet in pure Sanskrit, taught by the village dominie to little boys by word of mouth. Some of these couplets may be found in *Manu* or in the *Mahabharata*. The majority were never committed to writing at all, but have been handed down from father to son, and are repeated by ordinary natives ignorant

* *The Hindoos as They Are: a Description of the Manners, Customs, and Inner Life of Hindoo Society in Bengal.* By Shib Chunder Bose. With a Prefatory Note by the Rev. W. Hastie, B.D., Principal of the General Assembly's Institution, Calcutta. London: Edward Stanford. Calcutta: Newman & Co. 1881.

of the very rudiments of Sanskrit grammar, and only just able to write a decent Bengali petition or letter. Some years ago the late Dr. Haebelin, an erudite German long resident in Bengal, printed a collection of these Chanakya couplets. Several were very pretty; some were original and quaint; and a few were positively indecent. *Debattar* land is by no means "inalienable" property. Originally it meant land dedicated to the service of a god or a temple, just as *Brahmattur* means a piece set apart for the livelihood of Brahmins. But hundreds of both kinds of these tenures pass from the holiest and highest castes and purposes to the lowest ranks and objects, and are enjoyed without any religious service and by all classes of Sudras. *Lajar bustur* is not exactly a silk cloth put over the heads of a betrothed couple. It means "a garment of modesty," and should be written *Lejjar bastro*. *Kali maikay jay* should be *Kali ma ki jay*, "Victory to Mother Kali." It is the psalm of a regiment of Sepoys. *Britha*, applied to the flesh of a goat or sheep, means, no doubt, that it has not been properly "sanctified" by an oblation. But the correct signification is "idle" or "vain." Kishnagar, once the favourite retreat of Sir William Jones, is not a hundred miles from Calcutta, but sixty. Neither is Tribeni in the district of Hooghly, east of the metropolis, but west or north-west. *Nay bidhi*, or an offering made to an idol and then distributed to Brahmins, ought to be *Naivedyo*. Simla, a suburb of Calcutta, should be written *Simla*, to distinguish it from the well-known sanatorium, or Capua as some editors term it, in the Hills. *Bidhoy* is not exactly "a gift," but the signal for taking leave, often, it is true, accompanied by a gift. Bridegroom and bride should be *Bar Kanya*, and not *Konay*. A yellow garment is worn at the Saraswati Puja; but *basanti*, the original adjective, means "of the spring," and not "yellow." Finally, while we note that the author correctly revives an epithet which was applied in India to the late Mr. George Thompson, M.P. for the Tower Hamlets, who was almost the first senator who went to India on the "stump" and in search of a "grievance," we are happy to inform him that the epithet "late," as applied to Dr. Jackson, is premature. That well-known Calcutta physician is still, he will be glad to learn, alive and well in England.

We must refer readers anxious for minute information about the Hindu ceremonies which are performed by man and wife—*inter utramque faciem*—to the book itself. It is impossible to give more than an idea of their contents. Very likely relatives permit themselves the use of expressions at the marriage rite which would better become the mouth of Squire Western at the nuptials of Sophia, or of His Majesty James I., as Scott tells us, at the union of Richie Moniplies with the usurer's daughter, Martha Trapbois. But a word or two on some of the festivals may not be out of place. The investiture of a young Brahmin with the *poita*, or *janour* (a contraction of the Sanskrit *yagnopavit*)—i.e. the sacrificial thread—is analogous to the assumption of the *toga virilis* of a Roman patrician. The almanac is consulted for an auspicious day. The lad is shaved, washed, and clothed in red. The staff of mendicancy is placed in his hand, and he assumes for a moment the dress and character of a *Brahmachari*, or religious student, at the service of a spiritual guide, as prescribed by Manu. He repeats a sacred text, goes through the form of alms-begging and pretending to renounce the world, and then, at the earnest request of his family, returns to his scholastic or secular pursuits. In this and all other ceremonies an enormous amount of sweetmeats is consumed. Nothing, in fact, is ever done without the addition of these delicacies, and some of them, it must be admitted, though cloying to the taste, are far superior in quality to the pink and white abominations sold by our own petty grocers. The festivals termed those of the "brother" and "the son-in-law" are described in short but pleasing terms, and it is surprising but satisfactory to learn that "the mother-in-law," so far from being looked on as a natural enemy, is an object of reverence and honour to the youth who has married into the family. A very large space is devoted to the festival of the goddess Durga, established in commemoration of the aid which she is said to have given to the hero Rama in his fight with Ravana. But this festival, though marked by prayers, offerings, much firing of guns, lavish sacrifices of goats, sheep, and buffaloes, and vast consumption of milk, curds, and the inevitable sweetmeats, is as much a time of social relaxation and enjoyment as of formal religious worship. The civil courts are shut for six or eight weeks. The Treasuries, criminal courts, and public offices are closed for eleven days. Every Hindu employed in a Government or mercantile office, from the judge of the Small Cause Court to the copyist earning a few rupees a month, has leave to go to his home. The Anglo-Indian community in the plains avails itself of this vacation to rush impetuously to the Hills, or to visit the Andamans, Rangoon, Ceylon, or the Straits Settlements. Occasionally it has been asked why this vacation could not be deferred to the cold season, coincident with Christmas and the New Year. The answer is simple and conclusive apart from any religious question. Everything in the cold season is in full swing; work, amusements, the enterprises of the commercial community, the tours of the official under canvas through the district or the division. Life is too full to admit then of long holidays or closing of the courts. The *Durga*, taking place in September or October, comes at the very best time to afford rest and relief to a hard-worked community. It enables thousands of persons—white, black, and parti-coloured—to have a complete change of scene at the most unbearable part of the year. They can go away from banks, counting-houses, and offices, for a month or so during the stifling heats of autumn, returning refreshed for the first

whiff of a cooler breeze sent direct to the plains, through an unclouded atmosphere, from the summits of those hills on which Mr. Whympster is popularly believed to be meditating an attack.

This volume comes to us with a deeper signification than appears on the surface. The distance which separates the grey-haired reformer of 1881 from the lad who, half in curiosity and half in terror, accompanied a savage mob to see his relative burn on her husband's funeral pile, is not to be measured by a mere half-century. Bentinck would have been glad to recognize in this Bengali gentleman a native who justified his beneficent reforms; and Englishmen who remember the obstacles encountered forty-five years ago by Macaulay, Duff, and Trevelyan will admit that there is some hope for the Hindus of Bengal when their follies and extravagances are frankly and fairly criticized and held up to reprobation by one of themselves.

KOUMISS.*

IT is said that if a calf, starting from the Great Wall of China, travels steadily westwards, feeding as it goes on the grass of the steppes, it will eventually arrive in Russia thriving, but no longer a calf—it will be a cow. The same journey might be reversed. The calf might go eastwards from the Volga, and find itself a cow in China. Over the immense space of ground which that Mongolian lo would cross, there blow in summer the most exhilarating of breezes. There also grows profusely one of the most interesting of grasses, the covil grass, or *penna stipata*. During the month of June, the covil grass is in flower, and the whole immense plain is often a sheet of flower-bearing herbs, impregnating the atmosphere with an aromatic perfume. On this grass feed innumerable flocks of horses and mares, and its flower communicates to the milk of the mares a certain aromatic quality. Out of the milk is made what the wandering tribes of Tartars consider as their nectar or ambrosia, or *soma*. This Tartar nectar is known by the name of koumiss, and the koumiss which is drunk at this time of the year has, it seems, a peculiar virtue of which even koumiss at other times cannot boast; moreover, the drinkers of koumiss at this time of the year draw from their potations a power which, it is said, enables them to set at defiance—apparently, at least—most of the woes that distress mankind, whether mentally or physically. Up to the present time little has been known in the West of Europe of this Tartar ambrosia; but no one in England need now be ignorant of it, since it has been brought prominently before our notice by Dr. Carrick in his work recently published on the subject.

There are few more popular themes in folklore tales than the resuscitation of dead heroes, or at least the curing of apparently fatal wounds. Such cures as are mentioned in popular stories are stated by Dr. Carrick to have been worked in the circle of his own acquaintance. Persons whose lives were apparently threatened with immediate extinction, men whose constitutions had given way under hardship or distress, women whose frames appeared to be utterly shattered, have left St. Petersburg, or whatever other Russian city they might happen to inhabit, apparently doomed to die in the distant province to which they were sent. A few months later they have returned home sound, healthy, even robust. The cure has been worked by the koumiss in its native land at its fitting time. The Tartar drink has proved for these persons, who were apparently destined to death, a true water of life. Not very long has its extraordinary power been known, but gradually of late years its fame has been extending. In future it seems likely to play a more prominent part in therapeutics; and it may be that the time will come when excursion trains will run (with compartments reserved for consumption) to the steppes of Samara, bearing pale gaunt forms, which will return in the autumn rendered by robustness unrecognizable to their dearest friends. It may be well, therefore, to give English readers some idea of where they will have to go, how they will have to live, and in what manner they will spend their time while they are being cured.

To begin with the route. Every one knows how to go to St. Petersburg; it will be enough to say a word in favour of the journey through Sweden. From St. Petersburg to Moscow is very easy travelling; but the koumiss-bound traveller will stop half-way at a station where he will have to wait several hours in the middle of the night. Thence he will be conveyed comfortably to Rybinsk. From that town he will float tranquilly down the Volga without let or hindrance, until he reaches, after a considerable time, the neighbourhood of the spot in which his cure is to be effected. Not far from the town of Samara, on the edge of the wide-stretching steppe, where the wind blows fresh from its limitless journey, where the covil grass blossoms in June, several establishments have been founded for the treatment of patients by koumiss. A writer in the *Novoe Vremya*, who visited these establishments last year, gave an interesting account of what he saw, and had only a few faults to find with the management of the koumiss establishments. The rooms might be more comfortable, it seems; the beds might be softer, and sometimes cleaner. The food might decidedly be better; but this does not matter much, for the koumiss-drinker is endowed with a wonderful appetite. Comfort is a word which does not

* *Koumiss; or, Fermented Mare's Milk, and its Uses in the Treatment and Cure of Pulmonary Consumption and other Wasting Diseases.* By George L. Carrick, M.D., &c. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1881.

come home to a Russian as it does to an English ear, and comfort at present can scarcely be looked for. But there are other attractions. All day long, what the Russians call "the dear red sun" blazes steadily in the heavens; all night long the wind of the steppes blows fresh and cool and somniferous. The views, if mountainless, are still grand from their extent, and soothing from their flatness. At night the stars shine as they shine only out of England. But the great charm of the spot is the beverage which the visitor to it consumes. There is koumiss everywhere. It is drunk all day long. It renders days happy and tranquil, producing a sense in the drinker's mind of its always being afternoon. At night the koumiss-drinkers sleep the sleep of the demi-semi-inebriated. Every morning when they rise they feel themselves better and fatter than they were yesterday. Every day their long-famished forms are gradually assuming the proportions of rude health. The establishments are at present filled almost exclusively with Russians. As yet but few foreigners have made their way to this enchanted land. One English traveller has, however, made his impressions public. The reader may be referred to the book on the Volga by Mr. Butler Johnstone, formerly member for Canterbury. Russians, it has often been remarked, have a good deal of the childish element in them, and when a hundred Russians are brought together to spend the day in drinking koumiss, they exhibit the best qualities of children. They are gregarious, lively, amusing, and always ready to talk and tell stories. The visitor who is acquainted with the Russian tongue will find ample opportunities for exercising his somewhat rare accomplishment. There is plenty to do, but the great thing to be done is to drink koumiss. When "koumissniks" meet after the day's work is done, the conversation (says Dr. Carrick) "almost always turns upon the quality of the fermented milk of that day, and the quantity each person has been able to consume." Their capacity for drinking varies with the temperature; but, on an average, each invalid consumes five bottles a day—"vigorous drinkers reach as high a figure as eighteen." The cost is about sixpence a bottle at Samara. When transported to St. Petersburg the price is trebled, and transported koumiss often disappoints the expectations which have been formed by persons who have performed a similar operation to quaffing "the pendent vintage where it grows."

As regards the effects of koumiss on its drinkers, Dr. Carrick's cases are numerous. We select one at random. "A young lady of 19, who had lost a brother and a sister of galloping consumption, became herself so ill that by the spring of 1874 she was unable to leave her bed, and at a consultation where several physicians were present it was decided, and quite rightly, too, that it would be better to pass the few remaining days of her life in the midst of her family." She insisted upon being conveyed to the steppes, "contrary to the advice of parents, friends, and the majority of her medical advisers." For the medical details of her cure the reader may be referred to page 258 of Dr. Carrick's book. Suffice it to say that he tells how, in the month of July 1875—i.e., after she had been fourteen months under treatment with koumiss milk—he "danced a quadrille, a waltz, and a polka with her during a single evening." It is true that she died in July 1876; but her life had been wonderfully prolonged by a treatment which, if taken earlier, might probably have saved it. Here is another case. A patient was so ill that the coachman who conveyed him to his destination breathed a sigh of relief at the end of the journey, and, piously crossing himself, observed, "Well, sir, I never thought I would get you this length alive." Dr. Carrick made this gentleman's acquaintance a year afterwards, "when he was energetically leading a country dance." He visited the steppes five summers in succession, and made a complete recovery. "He was never troubled with hæmoptysis after he commenced the koumiss cure." But we will give no more cases. Let every one who is interested in a consumptive patient read the book and judge for himself.

Instead of entering further into the medical details given by Dr. Carrick, we will now say a few words about koumiss itself. Koumiss has been prepared and employed by Central Asiatic nomads for very many centuries. But we will not be archaeological; we need only say that the early employers of koumiss made it in a vessel formed of smoked horse-hide, with the hair turned outward. Of late years wooden tubs have been substituted for the skin bags, and Dr. Carrick thinks that the koumiss churns of the future will be of glass. After the mares have been milked, their milk is whipped, and some fermenting substance is mixed with it. After a time the whole fluid begins to ferment, and in twelve hours "a not unpleasant koumiss is ready." When bottled, koumiss becomes effervescing to a very high degree; in fact, a bottle of koumiss, if uncorked, painfully reminds an inexperienced spectator of a mad animal foaming wildly at the mouth.

Dr. Carrick's book gives a full account both of the various methods of preparing koumiss and of the best means of preserving and employing it. We will therefore pass on to a consideration of its effects on the mind. We have already mentioned those which it produces on the body. As a general feeling of "coziness" affects the body, an analogous feeling pervades the mind. The "koumissniks" lie reclined upon the plains, regardless of mankind. No cares trouble them; at least so say the votaries of koumiss. Little do they reckon of the tension of the Russian political atmosphere or the poverty of the present Russian poetical literature. Their condition is, in fact, very much the same as that of those lotus-eaters with whom we are so familiar. Far

away may be their former homes, a thousand leagues may separate them from all which used to be most dear to them; but they are in the flowery steppe, and all around them are hands ready to supply them with early koumiss. In peace and content their summer life passes tranquilly away. All that has been imagined of the happiness of consumers of opium, or bang, or hashish, or even gin, may, we are assured, be realized on the steppes of Samara by those adventurers who will go there in the summer and drink koumiss.

There is one point on which we would venture to differ from Dr. Carrick. We are inclined to think that he has been led into making an unnecessary attack upon one of the English substitutes for Russian koumiss. English koumiss, made from the milk of the cow and not of the mare, and therefore not possessing all the constituents which the Russian koumiss offers, can be procured at several places in London. We will not enter into a comparison between competing dairies. Dr. Carrick distinctly says that English koumiss made from the milk of the cow must not be compared for a moment with the Russian koumiss made from the milk of the mare; but he is of opinion that English koumiss is extremely valuable. He quarrels with the name koumiss, but it may surely pass muster. One of the Dairy Companies has rendered the name of koumiss familiar to many eyes by its perambulating carts, and it can be obtained from at least two other establishments. It is with Dr. Carrick's depreciatory remarks about the koumiss supplied by one of these establishments that we are inclined to disagree. So far as we are capable of judging, he seems to have found what we may perhaps be allowed to designate "a mares'-milk nest." But in every other respect we may cordially praise his book, which will perhaps in many cases prove as useful as it is certainly interesting.

THE TURN OF THE TIDE.*

LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE, like Lady Georgiana Fullerton, whose *A Will and a Way* we lately noticed, goes to the first French Revolution for the scene of her story. In both tales the hero and the heroine belong to the class of nobles; but Lady Margaret Majendie is far more alive than her sister-novelist to the grievous wrongs under which the peasantry had so long suffered. Her sympathies are fairly distributed, and her wish clearly is to do justice to both parties. If she paints in strong colours the violence of the mob, no less does she set before her readers the insolence of the nobles, and the acts of oppression of men of the moneyed class. It is to be regretted that she, too, though not nearly so often as Lady Georgiana Fullerton, has fallen into errors which cannot readily be excused in the writer of an historical novel. Novelists are no more bound than the tellers of fairy-stories to confine themselves to any exact period. The old-fashioned and convenient beginning of "Once upon a time" is equally open to them. If, however, they venture on describing one of the most striking events in the world's history, it is not too much to ask that they shall first make a careful study of the times of which they treat, and next, shall spare no pains to keep clear of blunders. They must have their authorities at their elbow as they write, and must be willing to undertake a long search rather than let even a trifling mistake find its way into their narrative. It is often, indeed, some error in a matter of no very great importance in itself—a mere slip, as some would call it—that in a moment reveals an author's want of familiarity with the data which he describes with as much confidence as if he had himself lived in them. We are the more struck by the mistake, the more ambitious that the attempt has been to make the characters all in keeping with their age.

Thus Lady Margaret Majendie wishes to make her peasants speak like Breton peasants of the last century. She gets on pretty well for a time, but how great is the ignorance she displays when she makes a sailor in the year 1788 say that a fish "is at least three *kilos*," and a peasant-woman declare that it was worth "five francs fifty." Let her look to her books, and learn when it was that the new system of weights and money was introduced. The error into which she has fallen was one that could scarcely have been made by any one who had been in the habit of reading the literature of the eighteenth century. We can more easily forgive her when she makes the Assembly sentence the King to death, though to confuse that body with the Convention is a somewhat serious mistake. In a passage in the first volume where she describes the Constitution of Brittany, she is just a year out in her date, and writes 1789 for 1788. By Archbishop Loménie she means of course Archbishop Loménie de Brienne. The great storm that swept over so large a part of France in the summer of 1788 she places on June 13, instead of on July 13. To add to her blunder, she had made "the glorious harvest moon rise solemnly" a few days earlier. Our novelists are daring enough in their dealings with nature, but not many would venture, we believe, to place the harvest-moon early in June, even at a time of such general confusion as the French Revolution. A few days earlier, by the way, a fire of huge logs had been blazing in the open fireplace of a Breton farmer. We find in one passage an old woman crying out "For nights and days the cry, Bread! bread! rings in my ears. I have lived to see Fouquier die and Berthier." Has not our author here made a mistake and written Fouquier instead of Foulon? Foulon

* *The Turn of the Tide.* A Novel. By Lady Margaret Majendie. Author of "Giannetto," "Fascination," &c. 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1881.

was Berthier's father-in-law, the man who said that the people might eat grass; while the only Fouquier whose name we call to mind was Fouquier-Tinville.

Many a novel, however, has made its way in spite of far more serious errors in history than any that we have mentioned. There are unfortunately errors in style in *The Turn of the Tide* which we should have thought would have almost overwhelmed it, did we not remember how little nice is the popular taste in such matters. The author has fallen into a mistake that is far too common in writers. She thinks that, because she lays the scene of her story in France, she must drag in scraps of bad French and bad English. She has no washerwomen in her narrative, but *laveuses*. The body of a woman who was drowned is "laid in the *cimetière*." A girl "arranges a large *jardinière*" (the error in the accent is scarce worthy of notice) "full of flowers." Some soldiers "charged the crowd with fixed *bâtonnettes*." These French terms are in some parts very thickly strewn. Thus we read, "As they say that Mademoiselle Blanche is *rouée au blanc*, there will be much to do. The *banderle* at Mont Marin is not so bad, but the *repasserie* is perfect." Six pages further on we come to such an absurd mixture of languages as the following:—"The hour was *passagère* to him, to Angèle it was supreme." That our author's study of French has not as yet carried her far into the niceties of grammar is shown by such phrases as "*ma chéri*," "*eau sucré*," "*potage au chou*," "*aucunes lois contraire*," "*vive the States-General*." To our taste, even these smatterings of bad French are not so offensive as the passages—far too frequent—in which she writes what no doubt she would look upon as a literal rendering of French idioms. Whatever merits the Hamiltonian system may have, for Heaven's sake let it be kept out of our stories! It is as far removed from light reading as a team of dray-horses is from light cavalry. On one page we come on such an odious piece of mongrel writing as "It goes without saying that we exact all our dues." Some rioters are spoken of as "these insolents"; while later on we read, "Would you believe it, Marquis, she has the pretension to rejoice in the approaching States-General, and to see in it the salvation of France?" We will do the author the justice to admit that she is, on the whole, fairly successful, when she deliberately sets herself to write English, in keeping clear of the extravagances of language which are at present the fashion. Nevertheless she has her fine passages. The following lines show what she can do when she tries. At the same time, as such descriptions do not abound in her story, they may also be taken as a proof of her self-restraint:—

The sky grew deep orange-yellow, over which lay long crimson clouds in straight level lines. Then anon it seemed as if a great body of clouds, black as night, rushed forward and ranged themselves round, forming what seemed a cave of liquid fire, overhung with black jagged edges, and from it a quivering river of gold poured over the restless sea.

Boom, boom fell the huge waves, making a fit rhythmic music to the grand scene that was being enacted before them.

The scene is soon brought to a close, for on the very next page "the fierce cavern of light" passes away, and "the dying sky-monarch" sets. If her language struts a little too much when she has to describe the clouds, she can paint the beauties of very humble objects indeed. She is writing of a night when a little garden was flooded with moonlight. "Every cabbage and onion," she says, "rejoiced in sparkling drops of dew." We greatly doubt whether cabbages have ever before found their way into the moonlight nights of poetical writers; but we feel sure that onions, at all events, are here for the first time thus honoured.

In spite, however, of the blemishes which we have pointed out, and of others which we pass over, the story, as a whole, is interesting. The plot is fairly well contrived, and some of the characters are well drawn. It is the earlier stage of the Revolution that is chiefly described, so that the horrors of the Reign of Terror happily fill but a very small space in the narrative. The hero and heroine go through a great many trials; but, so far as they are concerned, the conclusion is as happy as the times would allow. There is, to be sure, a second heroine, a girl of the peasant class, who makes but a sad end. But as she had taken, without any apparent cause, to have "strange unaccountable shivers," the reader is well prepared for her death. No less well prepared ought her relatives to have been, for they shivered also, and more than once, and not from cold. In fact, at the last but one of the shivers the old mother solemnly said "that moment a human soul left earth for Paradise." At the very time she said this her daughter was drowned. It is strange how our female novelists cling to all kinds of absurd superstitions. Let Lady Margaret Majendie study the bills of mortality, and see what a deal of shivering ought to go on in London alone for the human souls that every hour leave that one town. Man's life should be one unbroken agony-fit from the cradle to the grave. However, the story is kept pretty well clear of presentiments; and, as these chilly signs are not given till we are just upon the close, we have again reason to congratulate our author on her moderation. We shall hope to meet her again in a novel in which we shall find much more to praise than to blame. Her faults are, for the most part, such as can be easily avoided, and her merits, greatly as they are obscured in the volumes before us, are not inconsiderable. Let her not meddle with history, keep clear of superstition, avoid mongrel English, and not lard her sentences with French, whether good or bad, and she may give us a story that will win not only our attention, but our entire approbation.

GASCOIGNE'S LIBER VERITATUM.*

THE reign of Henry VI. was until lately one of the darkest in the English annals. It lay between mediæval and modern history like the belt of forest that divided the townships of our earliest fathers—an impenetrable obscurity, accessible from neither side and only useful for the feeding of pigs. It was regarded, in fact, as a sty populous with the last ill-grown products of the middle ages, the social incurables who had lived beyond their time; and people were not eager to explore a territory at first view so uninviting. The student of the middle ages was unwilling to linger over their ignoble decay; and the student of the Renaissance did not care to look back into a time that seemed to give so little promise of the brilliant beginnings of modern history. Besides, the direct authorities for the study were few and meagre. It was not until means were discovered of supplementing these authorities—in other words, until it was seen that society was entering upon a stage in which the indirect evidence of contemporaries, such as that presented in their letters and journals, was to balance or even to outweigh the formal judgment of professed chroniclers—that attention was at length given to the period. The correspondence of the Paston family, edited long ago by Sir John Fenn, served as an index to the scholars of the present generation, whose work, whether put forth magnificently "under the authority of the Master of the Rolls," or among the more convenient and not less scholarly productions of the Camden Society, or (let us add) by the private energy of Professor Arber, has thrown light in a peculiar degree on the age which now takes its just prominence as immediately preceding and foreshadowing that which gave its mould to modern society. It is well to remember the extent and completeness of this laborious series of contributions to our historical knowledge of the period in question, in order to emphasize the distance at which it stands from the indolent performance now offered to us by Professor Thorold Rogers in the shape of a collection of all that is not directly theological in the *Liber Veritatum*, or Theological Dictionary, of Thomas Gascoigne. The custom has been for editors of such books to aim at combining the virtues of the textual critic with those of the historian. Mr. Rogers's ambition has been different; but it is to be regretted that the example of unscholarly editing should bear the sanction of the authorized press of the University of Oxford. It does not appear to whom we are indebted for the transcript of the book itself, but Mr. Rogers claims to "have regularly and carefully compared the copy with the original manuscript." He cannot therefore shift the responsibility of having produced one of the most ignorant editions of a mediæval work with which we have the misfortune to be acquainted. It is not merely careless (a word, for instance, is omitted in the very passage which he has given us as a means of correcting in the photographic facsimile prefixed to the book); it abounds in blunders of the most glaring kind, from which a rudimentary apprenticeship in reading manuscripts would have saved him. To those who are not skilled in this branch of paleography, or who have not an intuitive faculty of critical emendation, the book will present pitfalls and stumblingblocks at every step.

This is only part of our complaint against Mr. Rogers. If he has misconceived the duties of a textual editor, he has still more gravely mistaken the purpose of an introduction. In a lengthy essay of seventy-four pages he deludes the reader into imagining that every phase of English life, every side of English politics, will find some illustration in the book of Gascoigne:—

The reader [he says, p. lxxxix.] will find much more than I have commented on in these extracts. My object in writing this long introduction has been to give some account of the political and social condition of England in the first half of the fifteenth century, and particularly during the period which followed after the loss of the English possessions in France to the time of Gascoigne's death. The greater part of these notes were made, I believe, in the last eight years of Gascoigne's life. He lamented over the evils which had already come upon England, and he foresaw that greater evils were in store for her. To the modern student not the least of these was the wreck, for nearly two centuries, of public liberty in parliamentary institutions.

Such language comes very excellently from the mouth of the Liberal member for Southwark; but those who read his forty pages of strictly political, and in particular financial, history may lawfully expect to find something corresponding in the book itself. We have, however, only been able to discover four places which Gascoigne can by any possibility bring to justify Mr. Rogers's portentous display of economical knowledge; two are mere references to the Lombard merchants, and the other two are harmless stories of the manners and customs of the royal bailiffs. One of these is good enough for translation:—

In the time of Henry the Fifth, King of England, a certain king's bailiff, by name John Richworth, said to a fellow, "I have gained no profits to-day, but marry will I give a stoup of wine to thee or to another who will break the peace to-day in this town; because by that means I shall gain the profits." And the other, having taken oath that he would break the peace, received the wine from the bailiff, and, when he had drunken, immediately brake that bailiff's head with the sherd, saying, "I have done that for which thou didst engage me." And a great brawl arose among those in the town and in the castle; and in such wise did he who should have been guardian of the law engage a man to get the laws broken, in order that he might gain the profits from the breach of the law. This was done in the town of Pontefract in the county of York; and one who saw it bore witness to me in the year of the Lord 1448, in the manor of Hunslet, in the Diocese of York, in the which manor I was born" (p. 128).

* *Loci e Libro Veritatum: Passages selected from Gascoigne's Theological Dictionary, illustrating the Condition of Church and State, 1403-1458. With an Introduction by James E. Thorold Rogers, M.P. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1881.*

Little wider is the range of Gascoigne's political observation. Outside England and the Church, the sole event which seems to have impressed itself on his mind, besides the taking of Constantinople, was the check given to the Turkish advance by John Hunniades in 1456. Hunniades, Gibbon says, "shared the glory of the defence of Belgrade with Capistran, a Franciscan friar; and in their respective narratives, neither the saint nor the hero condescend to take notice of their rival's merit." It is interesting to notice that Gascoigne fairly apportions the glory to both; but it is significant of his intense vanity that in the numerous references to the battle, "won," as old Fuller would say, "not by shooting but shouting," he seldom omits to add that he alone of the English Churchmen made it the motive of a solemn *Te Deum* and a sermon in the University Church.

To our knowledge of English history he contributes chiefly a few references to Henry VI.'s marriage, with its accompanying cession of Maine and Anjou, adding certain details which Mr. Rogers seems to consider valuable, but which are apparently mere gossip put together in a confused way. This marriage and its issues—among them the King's poverty, "so that he, the King of England, could scarce expend from his lands and holdings to the value of forty pounds"—are, in Gascoigne's mind, the prime causes of the secular troubles of the time. In connexion with them he touches upon the character and position of the Duke of Suffolk, of the Duke of York, and of Lord Say (who would allow no one to preach before the King unless he first saw the sermon, or else extracted an oath from the preacher not to attack the Government or the doings of the Privy Council, *privati vel verius pravi concilii*). He discusses the insurrection of Jack Cade briefly, and gives an account of an agrarian outrage which would be more interesting if Mr. Rogers had been able to identify the case. Beyond these matters, most of them mentioned just incidentally, Gascoigne has only a few crimes and breaches or evasions of law to notice, and a few assaults on the fashions of the day.

We have been at the pains of searching through the book to find the basis of Mr. Rogers's introduction. The result is certainly very bare chaff in comparison with the Professor's grain. But, if we protest against the abuse of the position of editor to make his book a peg to hang whatever he may have to say on all subjects not more than half a century apart from it, we have nothing to say against the introduction considered as an essay by itself. It is not badly written, though obscure in parts, and a little discursive. It treats the fiscal history of the time in a manner worthy of Mr. Rogers's special knowledge and experience. But what we regret is that he should have thrown into the background what really makes the sole intrinsic interest of Gascoigne's book—namely, the corruptions of the English Church arising from non-residence of the clergy, the appropriation of benefices, the indolence of the bishops, and the aggressive interference of the Roman Court in the ecclesiastical affairs and finances of the country. On these matters Gascoigne is very energetic and eloquent. His testimony, if that of a partisan, is not the less independent and striking. He has also many portraits of prominent Churchmen of his time. One of these is used as a constant illustration, serving almost every separate development of wrongdoing on which Gascoigne comments. His typical miscreant is Reginald Pecock, Bishop of Chichester, one of whose works, the *Repressor of overmuch Blaming of the Clergy*, was printed by the Rev. Churchill Babington in 1860. Mr. Rogers would have done well to have looked into this edition more carefully than he has done. He might, for instance, have found in it, as well as in Mr. Davies's *Chronicle of England to 1471* (published in 1856 by the Camden Society), a correction of the lines which Gascoigne's manuscript gives as "Wyt hath wundur that reson kan not tel; how a moder is mayd and God is man"; but which obviously must read "Wyt hath wundur that reson not tel kan," &c. Mr. Babington has also made a thorough study of Bishop Pecock's theological position, which ought to have been used as a check upon the vehemence of Gascoigne's rancour. But Mr. Rogers does not appear to have consulted any special book on the questions which his author writes about.

Besides his views on Church matters, Gascoigne has a great deal to say with regard to the University in which he often held the post of Chancellor. Indeed, it is from the extracts from the *Liber Veritatum* in Anthony a Wood that Gascoigne's name has been chiefly known. We may observe in conclusion that it is especially desirable that an index (like an introduction) should have some relation to the book itself. This is a demand which, in at least one notable instance, the present table, which has several false references, and is generally chaotic, does not fulfil.

TWO MINOR NOVELS.*

WHEN we say that *Uncle Z.* is a romance of the Black Forest it will be presumed that the fancy has free play in it. For the Black Forest has from time immemorial been the classic ground of legend and supernatural story; and if we remember aright, the meetings of mortals with beings of the spirit world in the dark ages are to be seen commemorated in the frescoes on the Trink-Halle of Baden-Baden. There is scarcely a stream or spring

of special loveliness but has its well-authenticated tradition; the restless spectres of former tenants haunt the roofless halls of each ruined Schloss; and there is hardly a picturesque defile but is shunned by the peasant when darkness is drawing on, at certain uncanny seasons. These ghostly apparitions used to be as generally accepted as any article of the peasant's creed, although it is possible, indeed, that they have lost their hold upon him of late years with the spread of education and Radical ideas. But the events detailed in *Uncle Z.* happened nearly sixty years ago, when the imagination still yielded implicit faith to the well-confirmed authority of tradition. The legend of St. Boniface's spring is a very natural and pretty one, and might have commended itself easily to a simple-minded people; the rather that, when once it had been received in the country, men were little likely to put its truthfulness to the test. But the art of Mr. Phillimore's clever story consists in his making a chance visitor and an Englishman a convert to the popular belief without shocking too severely the critical intelligence of sceptical readers. Truly it does not seem likely at first sight that in the early part of this nineteenth century a young traveller should find running water shrink from his lips because he cherished hatred and malice in the depths of his heart. He was startled at the phenomenon, and so are we; yet we are made to feel, taking into account the circumstances and surroundings, that there may be more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy. We are inclined to admit, with the hero of the tale, that the intermittent flow of the sensitive spring is an undeniable fact, which we may explain as we will; for by his descriptions of the scenery and the natives of the Forest the author has been steadily working us up into a congenial frame of mind. And we trust the more to the impressions of the narrator, we are the more assured that he was the victim of no delusion, because the beginning of the tale is practical enough, and in healthy contrast with its mysterious development. Carried back, as we have said, for nearly sixty years, we have charming sketches in outline of the successive stages of the journey, with the various modes of conveyance he adopted. Changing from diligence to post-chaise, from post-chaise to saddle-horse, we have him jogging quietly forward, from the French shore of the Channel to the approach to the interior of the Schwarzwald, through the Höllethal. He describes the venerable Rhenish cities as they were, before they were awakened from a life in death by the rush of legions of tourists. Observing and moralizing from the past to the present, he wanders along the banks of the Rhine and under the shadow of the wooded Bergstrasse to Freiburg. Thence, on the way to the sylvan Schloss of the somewhat eccentric relative he goes to visit, there is a series of striking pictures of the scenery, the people, and their picturesque dwellings. Stranger as he is, these pictures are made to appear the more lifelike because he beguiles the slow stages of the road in friendly intercourse with the servants that his uncle has sent to escort him. Nor is the long ride without dramatic incident; as on one occasion when he passes the night of a violent thunderstorm under the roof of what is half a farmhouse and half an inn. While the lurid glare of the flashes is lighting up the dark forest, and the woods with the crashing of breaking boughs are echoing to the long peals of the thunder, he listens to the wild tales which are being circulated in an awe-struck company who are sheltering from the tempest. He listens with the greater interest because he is already in unfriendly relations with a singular character who takes a leading part in the conversation. Impulsive and romantically inclined, his prejudice against Ulric, the travelling clockmaker of Freiburg, had arisen out of what was really a trivial incident. And it must be granted that the clockmaker, who was morose and ill-conditioned enough, was in a great measure to blame for the misunderstanding. The Englishman had run up against him accidentally in the town of Düsseldorf, when the man was carrying an ingenious piece of mechanism. Thenceforward, the two detested each other; and it was unlucky that chance or fatality should be perpetually throwing them together. When the one takes his seat in a Rhine diligence, the other mounts on the roof. When the one is admiring a church, the other is at work in the clock-tower. Now the pair have met again in this lonely *Gasthaus* in the forest; and the next day, when the Englishman is threading the glades of the pine woods on horseback, the grand scenery is spoiled to him by the figure of his *bête noire*, who is climbing the hills in advance and cutting off corners by the footpaths. It seems something more than a coincidence when he discovers that this Ulric is the special protégé of his Uncle Z., and that he inhabits a cottage in a clearing in the immediate neighbourhood of the castle. The young man inwardly resents more and more this enforced contact with the object of his aversion. And it must be owing to that aversion that he has sought in vain to quench his thirst at the waters of the enchanted spring. The tacit reproach of his unchristian frame of mind does not tend to diminish his hatred. It seems likely that he is to leave these peaceful scenes a worse man than he was, and that he must carry away the reproach of an uneasy conscience. Nevertheless, his very uneasiness shows an inclination to a better state of things, and Providence sends him the opportunity of being reconciled to his enemy. By a generous impulse, and at the hazard of his life, he rescues the pet child of the clockmaker from a situation of extreme peril. Then the implacable Ulric, whose nature in many respects resembles his, goes at once to the opposite extreme, and overpowers the saviour of his child with his fervent gratitude. The brave stranger receives unstinted admiration and praise from the simple inhabitants of the forest-village, and we need not say that before leaving the district he makes a

* *Uncle Z.* By Greville Phillimore, Rector of Henley-on-Thames. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons, 1881.

Purity Unwin. By Sydney Warrington. London: Remington & Co, 1881.

point of satisfying himself, by a visible sign, that the beatified Boniface has made peace with him like Ulric. As for Uncle Z, though naturally made prominent, he really plays a secondary part in the story. But the character of the benevolent aristocrat of the old school is depicted gracefully and vigorously. He lives simply, though hospitably, that he may have the more to spare for his works of charity. The Providence of his neighbourhood, though never forgetting his position, he is the friend and counsellor of his humble neighbours; though unaffected in his religion, it belongs to the custom of the country that he should kneel openly at his devotions before the wayside crosses; and we can easily understand the influence he establishes over the nephew, whose character has been elevated in our eyes by Uncle Z's reluctance to part from him.

The *dénouement* of *Purity Unwin* chances to be almost contemporaneous with the visit to the Black Forest which is described in *Uncle Z*. The story is a fanciful one; but it is possible, if not probable, and the interest is well sustained throughout. The improbability lies not so much in the plot and its leading incident as in the characters of the two ladies principally concerned, whose wishes or fancies prompt them to a misdeed of which we should have been loth to believe them capable. There is an hereditary connexion between the families inhabiting Summerwood Hall and Summerwood Farm. They are descended from the same stock, and so the noble Earl of Summerwood is of no better blood than the hard-working farmer his neighbour. Indeed the peer is the head of the junior branch, and is indebted for the possession of his ample estates to the generosity of the farmer's ancestors. So that the close connexion between the titled and the agricultural Unwins is not so unnatural as it might otherwise have been. In the beginning of the century each branch had a daughter, and each daughter bore the family name of Clara. Both girls were gifted with good looks; but Lady Clara Summerwood, who inherits the estates on the Earl's death, was brilliant and beautiful. She was impulsive, emotional, and wayward, too; while "Clary," as the daughter of the farm was styled by way of distinction, was far more self-contained. Yet, according to our presentiments, notwithstanding her better-regulated mind, Clary was decidedly less prepossessing. That is not the opinion of the cousin, who marries and loves her devotedly, though more than suspecting that he is not loved in return. As for Lady Clara, with all her exaggerated pride of birth, she had insisted on making a marriage of affection, much against the will of her parents. And her husband had given her his hand out of sheer delicacy of feeling, when she had betrayed to him an affection which he did not reciprocate. Once wedded, she is morbidly watchful of him. She believes, unreasonably as it proves, that she is losing hold on his heart, because she has not given him the son he desires. When she discovers herself to be *enceinte*, her anxiety only increases. Her morbid fancy has assured her beforehand that the child will be a girl, and in that assurance she addresses herself to her friend Clary, who chances to be in a similar condition. Clary yields partly to friendship, but more to ambition; and it is arranged that, should Lady Clara's presentiments prove true, the boy and girl shall be exchanged at their birth. The woman who attends her is taken into their confidence, and the exchange is supposed to be effected accordingly. Jeffrey grows up an attractive youth, taking after his mother in the ardour of his nature; while Purity at the age of seventeen is a simple and beautiful maiden. Meeting after a long separation, of course the youth and maiden fall in love. Probably, in the circumstances, they would have been permitted to marry, and so the affair would have arranged itself quietly. But Jeffrey insults the old village confidante, who revenges herself by unfolding to him the story of the exchange. Then we have a succession of thrilling scenes of anger, remorse, embarrassments, explanations with the injured husbands, tears, fainting fits, penitence, and forgiveness; when, at the culminating point, and to our surprise, as we confess, the author has compassion on the feelings of the fathers who have become bound up in children who were none of their own. The old confidante has lied maliciously; the exchange, in reality, had never taken place, since, in fact, there had been no occasion for it. The Lady Clara had given birth to a boy; but her friend Clary had encouraged a deceit, for reasons which certainly seem rather farfetched. She knew that, if Lady Clara "imagined Purity to be her daughter, there were no heights to which the girl could not aspire—probably to marry the heir." And as the girl does marry the rightful heir, with every prospect of a happy and prosperous future, her offence is far from having its appropriate punishment; nor do the innocent children pay the penalty of the faults of their mothers.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE alarming progress of Socialism in Germany would seem to be more and more directing the attention of German economists towards England as a country where Communism has never taken root, and where the relations of capital and labour, uneasy as they frequently may be, are as yet adjusted upon the basis of individual contract. The late Professor Held (1) had intended to be the historian of the influences which for the last hundred

years have been steadily elevating the status of the English working classes in such a manner as to impede the dissemination of Socialistic ideas among them. A lamentable accident terminated his life when the first volume only was ready for the press. Enough, nevertheless, remains to make a creditable beginning, and to show that the completion of the book would be a useful and honourable undertaking for a competent hand. The period embraced in this volume extends to 1832, when the Reform Bill had laid the foundation for subsequent legislation in the interests of labour. It is, therefore, to a great extent merely introductory. It is prefaced by a careful and exhaustive survey of the political and economical literature of the half-century preceding the Reform Bill. Bentham, Cobbett, and Owen are treated with especial fulness, and the writer concludes that it has been the salvation of England that the ideas represented by the last two names never coalesced; but that political agitation in this country has always been devoid of a Socialistic tinge, and *vice versa*. It may be inferred that Herr Held would have approved the principle of Prince Bismarck's recent efforts to detach Socialism from social democracy, inclined as he would probably have been to criticize the means employed. The remainder of the book is chiefly occupied with a sketch of the development of commerce and industry, of the decay of the old guilds and other restraints upon unlimited competition, and of that predominance of the manufacturing interest which has created the problems whose solution the author had intended to describe.

A summary of the history of Europe since the fall of Napoleon, by the late Arnold Ruge (2), is of course written from the point of view of extreme Liberalism, and in many respects rather resembles a pamphlet than a history. It is nevertheless spirited, fair in intention, and commendably brief.

Dr. Wieseler's investigation of the history and religion of the ancient Germans (3) displays much erudition, but hardly an equal amount of judgment. He will find it difficult to convince philologists that the Germans are to be identified with the Cymry, or even with the Parthians.

Dr. Dühring (4) occupies a position in some respects analogous to that of Schopenhauer, but much more disadvantageous. Schopenhauer possessed an independent fortune, and could abuse the *Zunft* or "ring" of professors who stood between him and the public to his heart's content without fear of disastrous consequences; but, if poor Dr. Dühring enjoys the same immunity, it is only because the *Zunft* has by this time left him nothing to lose. He has been deprived of his professorship, has been unable to bring himself to co-operate with any party, political or philosophical, and stands alone in Germany, an intellectual Ishmael. The story of his persecutions is recounted by himself in a volume of unusually terse and racy German, with an appendix serving as a kind of confession of faith. It seems clear on his own showing that he is much too pugnacious and angular a man to fit into any recognized hierarchy, and the more we admire his rugged independence, the less surprise we feel at the inability of his colleagues to work with him, and the less disposed to attribute their treatment of him to the mean motives to which he himself not unnaturally ascribes it. The official world and he are not made for each other, and the sooner he recognizes the fact and devotes himself to authorship pure and simple, eschewing all personal controversy, the better it will be for him and his country, which cannot afford to spare a man of his originality and integrity. Such a man should have something better to do than venting illiberal abuse of professors and Jews, and proving how thoroughly he is himself penetrated by Goethe's maxim, "Nur die Lumpen sind bescheiden."

It is generally known that the indefatigable Dr. Schliemann employed last winter in an exploration of the Boeotian Orchomenus (5), the capital of the wealthy King Minyas, the first of men, according to Pausanias, who built a treasure-house. A thin volume records the results of his exploration—interesting, but less fruitful than he probably hoped. The site of Minyas's treasury was well known, and had already been twice attacked—first by Lord Elgin, who began at the most impracticable point, and soon desisted; and more recently by a Vandalic magistrate, who wanted to make the ruins a quarry for a new church, but was stopped by the Minister of Public Instruction. Dr. Schliemann has succeeded in completely laying bare the ground-plan of the ancient building; but his only actual discovery of much archaeological importance is the elegant ceiling of the "thalamos," or recessed chamber opening out of the treasury, exhibiting a rosetted pattern otherwise unknown in ancient Hellenic art, and manifesting Assyrian affinities. It is figured in his work. Shortly after the completion of his Boeotian explorations Dr. Schliemann betook himself once more to the Troad (6), and ranged over it in quest of any traces of ancient remains other than those he had himself brought to light at Hisarlik. His conclusion is that no prehis-

(2) *Geschichte unsrer Zeit von den Freiheitskriegen bis zum Ausbruche des deutsch-französischen Krieges*. Von Arnold Ruge. Leipzig: Winter. London: Williams & Norgate.

(3) *Untersuchungen zur Geschichte und Religion der alten Germanen in Asien und Europa*. Von K. Wieseler. Leipzig: Heinrichs. London: Williams & Norgate.

(4) *Sache, Leben und Feinde*. Von Dr. E. Dühring. Karlsruhe: Reuther. London: Williams & Norgate.

(5) *Orchomenos. Bericht über meine Ausgrabungen im Böotischen Orchomenos*. Von Dr. H. Schliemann. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate.

(6) *Reise in der Troas im Mai 1881*. Von Dr. H. Schliemann. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate.

(1) *Zwei Bücher zur sozialen Geschichte Englands*. Von Adolf Held. Aus dem Nachlass herausgegeben von G. F. Knapp. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

toric remains can exist, except at a place called Kurschunlu Tepeli; and that the only prospect of any finds of the classical period is held out at Assos, Antandros, and the Alexandrian Troas, a city whose walls were six English miles in circuit. The thinness of the superincumbent stratum of rubbish at all these places is in striking contrast with its amazing depth at Hissarlik. Dr. Schliemann's tour is very agreeably described, and is in itself a sufficient proof of the genuineness of his Homeric enthusiasm.

Professor Kiene's essay upon the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* (7) is a rare, but welcome, phenomenon in German criticism, stoutly maintaining, not only the artistic unity of the epics, but their common authorship. Professor Kiene justly observes that mere philological attainments do not of themselves qualify a critic to dissect a poet, and that Goethe's dictum as to the advantage of studying a poet in his own country is as applicable to Homer as to other bards. The essay concludes with some pertinent remarks on the bad effect of merely negative criticism in education.

The Epistle to Diognetus, hitherto commonly attributed to Justin Martyr, is likely to afford a bone of critical contention for a long time to come. While declining to attribute it to Justin, Dr. Dräseke (8), the most recent inquirer, contends against the hypothesis of Donaldson and Overbeck, by which it is regarded as a fabrication later than the time of Constantine. There seems no adequate motive for such an aimless *supercherie* as a defence of Christianity after its definitive victory; while the inherent probability of Dr. Dräseke's view, that it actually is what it professes itself, can only be shaken by strong internal evidence, which is apparently not forthcoming. Dr. Dräseke ascribes it to nearly the same period as the apology of Athenagoras, about 177 A.D., and strengthens his position by the remarkable verbal analogies he discovers between the epistle and the writings of Tertullian, which certainly seem too decided to be the result of accident. An excursus on the life and writings of Gregory of Neocæsarea is appended, which contributes some interesting data for the biography of Origen.

"The Social Policy of the Church," by J. Albertus (9), puts forward pretensions to be a philosophical history, but resolves itself into a dull and tedious polemic against Protestantism and the arrangements of modern society, including religious toleration and constitutional government.

Dr T. Kolde's sketch of Frederick the Wise, Elector of Saxony (10), Luther's patron, is slight but interesting, and enriched with several unpublished documents.

Rubens (11) is not only a great artist, but one of the few great artists who have mingled on equal terms with the great world, and performed in it a part not unworthy of their eminence in their own peculiar province. Alike as court-painter and diplomatist, he was brought into frequent connexion with illustrious personages, and his letters to them—courtesy without insincerity, and deferential without servility—seem, brief as they generally are, to reflect the stately and liberal spirit manifested in his paintings. They thus possess a considerable interest independent of their actual contents, and this interest is enhanced by the seasonable, though sparing, annotations of their latest editor, Herr Rosenberg, who has succeeded in adding about a fifth to the collection already accessible to the public. Some of these, indeed, only exist in translations, while of a few, written in a difficult cipher, abstracts only have as yet been made. The language is most commonly Italian. Herr Rosenberg is under great obligations to our countryman Mr. Sainsbury; but one special feature of his collection is the publication for the first time of Rubens's letters preserved in the Mantuan archives in the original text, they having hitherto been printed merely in extracts, or in the French version of M. Baschet.

Dr. F. Landmann (12) has made a really important contribution to the critical study of Elizabethan literature by an essay on Euphuism, which he has defined with more precision than heretofore, and traced to its source in a foreign literature. The essence of Euphuism does not, as often assumed, consist in the affectation of phraseology; many of its coryphæi, Lyly's predecessors, were worse offenders in this respect than Lyly himself. Nor is its distinctive characteristic hyperbolic conceit and obscurity, as subsequently with Gongora and Marini; but, on the contrary, definite antithesis, wrought out with elaborate monotony. Lyly was, nevertheless, no contemptible writer, and professedly adapted his compositions to the taste of the Court. His model, as Dr. Landmann seems almost to demonstrate, was "The Dial of Princes," by Bishop Antonio de Guevara, of which "Euphuus" is frequently a mere imitation, and sometimes a mere copy. Some of the Spanish ecclesiastic's stories had already been translated in Pettie's "Palace of Pleasure," published two years before "Euphuus," and these, in their English dress, might almost pass for the production of Lyly himself.

Herr Adolf Palm's sketch of the history of the Stuttgart Theatre (13) is both a valuable and an entertaining contribution to the history of the stage in Germany. The annals of the theatres at the minor capitals of Germany are more eventful than those of the principal theatres of most other countries, on account of the Court patronage they enjoy, and the emulation which has led German princes to vie with each other in the ostentatious encouragement of the stage. The Stuttgart Theatre has had its fair share of patronage, and many interesting episodes of its history are brought together by Herr Palm, whose work assumes the form of a series of letters to a lady friend. The chief laurels of the Stuttgart Theatre seem to have been earned in connexion with the lyrical drama; nevertheless, Herr Palm complains that its repertory is singularly limited; and his agreeable little book concludes with the inquiry why, after all, Stuttgart should still be an unmusical city?

The *Shakespeare-Museum* appears to have been a periodical, edited by Herr Max Moltke in 1870, which is now reissued in a volume (14). The contents are partly original communications respecting Shakespeare, partly a selection of remarks from various authors, especially German, on the inexhaustible subject of his works. They are, for the most part, very well chosen; and it may fairly be said that the collection will, in general, interest readers in proportion to their interest in Shakespeare. The best of all the contributions is a lecture, delivered at Weimar in 1847, in the German language, but evidently by an Englishman, in which the notion that the Germans discovered Shakespeare is effectively disposed of, and the defects of Schlegel and Tieck's translation are smartly, but good-naturedly, exposed.

Herr Moltke has also performed a useful service to Shakspearian students (15) by bringing together the materials out of which Shakespeare constructed *Hamlet*—Saxo Grammaticus in Latin and German, Belleforest's story of "Amleth" in his *Histoires Tragiques*, and the old English version which Shakespeare probably read—together with an introduction and notes by the late Dr. Gericke.

Amtmann's Magd (16) is less interesting than most of E. Marlitt's novels. It is pretty and well written, but rather feeble.

The selection of tales from the Danish, Swedish, and Norwegian, translated by W. Lange (17), comprises nine novelettes by Kielland, with other stories by Jonas Lie and other writers of repute, and forms altogether as pleasing an introduction to popular Scandinavian fiction as those unacquainted with the language could desire. Hermann Lingg's "Byzantine Novels" (18) leave something to be desired as stories, but are pervaded by a poetical sympathy with the barbaric magnificence and gorgeous decay of the Byzantine period which endows them with genuine vitality.

The most interesting contribution to a not very interesting number of the *Rundschau* (19) is a story, "Bridget of Trogen," by C. F. Meyer, the scene of which is laid at the Council of Constance, and which is supposed to be narrated to Cosmo de' Medici by Poggio Bracciolini. It is worthy of the time and place, vividly reflecting the spirit of the Renaissance. Karl Hillebrand's summary of the recently published biography and correspondence of Sir Anthony Panizzi is neatly executed, but contains nothing new; nor is there much originality in a well-written essay on the Laocoon group. A "communicated" article on "Kulturkampf," if really proceeding, as stated, from an exalted Catholic personage, displays more moderation than one usually expects from such quarters.

There is a decided tendency in our day for men of letters to become editors of magazines. The eminent novelist Sacher-Masoch, hitherto regarded somewhat in the light of a literary guerilla or free lance, now appears as a regular captain at the head of a very respectable body of recruits. The principal claim of his magazine, *Auf der Höhe* (20), to especial attention consists in its cosmopolitan character, and particularly in the strength of the Austro-Slavonic and Magyar elements, hitherto but imperfectly represented in the periodical literature of Western Europe. Its weak point, in the first number at least, is oblivion of Faust's dictum, "Name ist Schall und Rauch," the substantial importance of the contributions of Vogt, Bluntchli, and Mme. Adolphe Adam scarcely corresponding to the celebrity of the writers. Ample amends, however, are made by the editor's own novelette, *Der Judengraphael*, open to the charge of improbability as respects some of the incidents, but sparkling in style, and full of pungent humour.

(13) *Briefe aus der Bretterwelt. Ernstes und Heiteres aus der Geschichte des Stuttgarter Hoftheaters.* Von Adolf Palm. Stuttgart: Bonz. London: Trübner & Co.

(14) *Shakespeare-Museum. Eine Sammlung neuer und alter, eigener und fremder, prosaischer und poetischer Beiträge zur Shakespeare-Literatur.* Herausgegeben von Max Moltke. Leipzig: Barth. London: Williams & Norgate.

(15) *Shakespeare's Hamlet-Quellen.* Zusammengestellt und mit Vorwort, Einleitung und Nachträgen von weiland Dr. Robert Gericke herausgegeben von Max Moltke. Leipzig: Barth. London: Williams & Norgate.

(16) *Amtmann's Magd.* Roman von E. Marlitt. Leipzig: Keil. London: Kolckmann.

(17) *Skandinavisches Novellenbuch.* Uebersetzung von W. Lange. Berlin: Auerbach. London: Williams & Norgate.

(18) *Byzantinische Novellen.* Von Hermann Lingg. Berlin: Janke. London: Williams & Norgate.

(19) *Deutsche Rundschau.* Jahrg. viii. Hft. 2. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner & Co.

(20) *Auf der Höhe.* Internationale Revue herausgegeben von Leopold Sacher-Masoch. Bd. 1. Hft. 1 und 2. Leipzig: Grossner & Schramm. London: Kolckmann.

(7) *Die Epen des Homer.* Von Dr. Adolf Kiene. Hannover: Helwing. London: Nutt.

(8) *Der Brief an Diognetus. Nebst Beiträgen zur Geschichte des Lebens und der Schriften des Gregorius von Neocæsarea.* Von Dr. J. Dräseke. Leipzig: Barth. London: Nutt.

(9) *Die Sozialpolitik der Kirche. Geschichte der sozialen Entwicklung im christlichen Abendlande.* Von J. Albertus. Regensburg: Pustet. London: Nutt.

(10) *Friedrich der Weise und die Anfänge der Reformation.* Von Dr. T. Kolde. Erlangen: Deichert. London: Nutt.

(11) *Rubensbriefe.* Gesammelt und erläutert von Adolf Rosenberg. Leipzig: Seemann. London: Nutt.

(12) *Der Euphuismus, sein Wesen, seine Quelle, seine Geschichte, &c.* Von F. Landmann. Giessen: Keller. London: Williams & Norgate.

and exquisite word-painting, with a *dénouement* of genuine pathos. The most interesting of the other contributions to the first number are Herr Fastenrath's account of the Calderon fêtes at Madrid, and Colonel Corvin's reminiscences of MacClellan's hard-won victory at Antietam Creek; and in the second number F. Von Löher's account, based on documentary evidence, of the proceedings of the Jesuits in Germany during their palmy days; and M. Lievin's study of the introduction of popular election into France at the beginning of the Revolution.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

THE UNITED STATES.

The Annual Subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW, including postage to any part of the United States, is £1 10s. 4d., or \$7 58 gold, and may be forwarded direct to the Publisher, Mr. DAVID JONES, at the Office, 38 Southampton Street, Strand, or to Mr. B. F. STEVENS, American Agency, 4 Trafalgar Square, London. International Money Orders can be sent from any office in the United States, and Subscriptions, payable in advance, may commence at any time.

PARIS.

Copies of the SATURDAY REVIEW may be obtained every Saturday of M. FOTHERINGHAM, 8 Rue Neuve des Capucines.

The SATURDAY REVIEW is duly registered for transmission abroad.

The publication of the SATURDAY REVIEW takes place on Saturday Mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any Newsagent, on the day of publication.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d.

CONTENTS OF No. 1,360, NOVEMBER 19, 1881:

- The Colston Speeches.
 Lord Granville on Egypt. The Apotheosis of M. Paul Bert.
 Mr. Bright at Rochdale. Spain. The St. Paul's Industrial School.
 The Indian Cotton Duties. New Public Offices.
 Smoke.
 Rosmini. International Body-Snatching.
 Mr. Caird on the Land Question. *Étipe Roi* at the Théâtre Français.
 Sir Oriel Forster's Half-Crown. The Future of Field Artillery.
 An Infernal Dictionary. Training.
 The Economic Problems before the New French Government.
 Morley's Life of Cobden.
 The Eastern Menace. Mr. Buchanan's Study of Hate.
 Hindu Society. Koumiss. The Turn of the Tide. Gascogne's Liber Veritatum.
 Two Minor Novels. German Literature.

CONTENTS OF No. 1,359, NOVEMBER 12, 1881:

- Ministers at Guildhall—M. Ferry's Last Day—Lord Hartington on the English Land Question—The French Debate on Tunis—Irish Law Appointments—St. Paul's Industrial School—Mr. Goldwin Smith on Canada—Progress of the Land Commission—The Balcombe Murder.
 Cheap and Dear Books—The *Rosière* of Ratcliff Highway—Archbishop MacHale—Mr. Irving on the Drama—Women's Suffrage Once More—The London Fish Supply—The General Post Office—The Sunderland Library—Banks as Promoters of Speculation.
 Matabele Land—Balfour's Embryology—Worthies of the World—Martin on the Chinese—Julian Karlskake's Secret—Madame J—on the French Revolution—Scott on English Church Architecture—The Vicar's People—Minor Notices.

London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

DORÉ'S GREAT WORKS, "CHRIST LEAVING the PRÆTORIUM," "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," and "MOSES BEFORE PHARAOH," each 35 by 25 feet; with "Dream of Pilate's Wife," "Christian Martyrs," &c. at the DORÉ GALLERY, 25 New Bond Street. Daily, Ten to Six. 1s.

THE ANNUAL WINTER EXHIBITION OF HIGH-CLASS PICTURES, by BRITISH and FOREIGN ARTISTS, including Benjamin Constant's New Picture "Present to the Amer," is NOW OPEN, at ARTHUR TOOTH & SONS' Gallery, 5 Haymarket, opposite Her Majesty's Theatre. Admission, 1s., including Catalogue.

MALVERN COLLEGE.
 The NEXT TERM commences on Friday, January 27. Entrance Examinations on January 26.—For particulars apply to HENRY ALDRICH, Esq., Secretary.

BRIGHTON COLLEGE.
 Principal—Rev. T. HAYES BELCHER, M.A., Queen's College, Oxford.
 Vice-Principal—Rev. J. NEWTON, M.A., St. John's College, Cambridge.

A special Army Class in which preparation is made for Sandhurst, Woolwich, Cooper's Hill, and Indian Civil Service, has been in active work for some time. The course of instruction enables Boys to go up for their examination direct from the College.

The NEXT TERM will commence on Friday, January 27.
 F. W. MADDEX, M.R.A.S., Secretary.

SOMERSETSHIRE COLLEGE, BATH.—The College is divided into Classical and Modern sides. BOARDERS are taken in the Senior Department by the Head-Master; in the Junior Department by the Rev. PHILIP CRICK, M.A. Special attention is given to Delicate or Backward Boys.—For Prospectus, List of Honours, &c., apply to the Head-Master, T. M. BROMLEY, M.A.

TRINITY COLLEGE SCHOOL, STRATFORD-ON-AVON.
 Founded by the Rev. J. D. COLLIS, D.D. The Warden, RICHARD F. CURRY, M.A., is assisted by Seven Resident Masters. Classical and Modern Sides. Preparation for the Universities, and all competitive Examinations. Special Classes for the Army Examinations. Great attention paid to Modern Languages. Junior Department for Young Boys. Large Playing Fields, Gymnasium, Five Courts, &c. &c. Terms 50 and 60 Guineas per annum.—Apply to the WARDEN.

WHARFE-DALE SCHOOL, near BEN-RHYDDING, Leeds.
 PUBLIC SCHOOL for SONS OF GENTLEMEN.—Advantages for Sons of Clergy. Natural Science taught throughout the School. Splendid site. References to Noblemen, Church Dignitaries, &c.—Apply to Rev. T. GRANGER HUNT, M.A., F.G.S., Solbergh School.

AMESBURY HOUSE, PAGE HEATH, BICKLEY, Kent.

Rev. EDMUND FOWLE, Author of a very successful Series of Latin and Greek School Books, receives THIRTY-THREE BOYS, under the age of Fifteen, to prepare for the Public Schools.

GOOD READING, RECITATION, ORATORY, and LECTURES.—A retired BARRISTER (an Oxford Man), and former pupil of eminent Tragedians and Elocutionists, instructs LADIES and GENTLEMEN. Visits or receives Clergymen, Barristers, Public Aspirants, and Students. Specially assisted. Greek, Latin, French, German, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese Languages practised rhetorically when preferred. Literary Lectures and Recitations given. Institutions and Schools attended. Terms moderate.—Address, Mr. B. 11 Old Cavendish Street, W.

WOOLLEY GREEN, near HURSLEY, HANTS.—A. M. HEATHCOTE, B.A., Oriel Coll., Oxford, prepares YOUNG BOYS for Public Schools, &c. Number under Twenty. Two Resident Assistant-Masters. The house is quite in the country, and in a healthy position. Full particulars on application.—Address, Woolley Green, near Romsey.

FOLKESTONE.—Mr. W. J. JEAFFRESON, M.A. Oxon., assisted by a Cambridge M.A. and competent Teachers, prepares PUPILS for the Universities, Woolwich, Sandhurst, and all Competitive Examinations. A few Vacancies.

THEOLOGICAL, UNIVERSITY, MILITARY, CIVIL SERVICE, and other EXAMINATIONS.—PUPILS rapidly and successfully prepared. Terms moderate. Highest references.—Address, Rev. W. H. HOWLANDS, Great Braxted, Witham.

A RESPECTABLE COUPLE, giving up housekeeping, would be glad to meet with a SITUATION of TRUST; town or country. A nobleman or gentleman with fishing or shooting box would find them capable of doing all required; have been in good families.—Address, J. M., 7 Bayham Street, Camden Town.

HAMPSTEAD.—SOUTH HILL PARK GARDENS, within five minutes of Hampstead Heath Station, N. London.—TO BE LET or SOLD, a Freehold Double-fronted HOUSE, containing fourteen rooms, also bath-room, with a constant supply of hot and cold water. Reception and Bed Rooms most conveniently arranged. Domestic offices on ground floor; good garden at the rear. The house is in thorough repair, and most pleasantly situated.—For particulars apply to Mr. DOLMAN, House Agent, 62 Haverstock Hill, and 60 Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

PENINSULAR and ORIENTAL STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY.

UNDER CONTRACT FOR HER MAJESTY'S MAILS TO INDIA, CHINA, and AUSTRALIA.

REDUCED RATES OF PASSAGE MONEY.—SPECIAL RETURN TICKETS.

Departures for—
 BOMBAY Weekly
 CALCUTTA, MADRAS, CEYLON, Formightly } From Gravesend,
 CHINA, STRAITS, JAPAN } Wednesday, 12 30 P.M.
 ADELAIDE, MELBOURNE, SYDNEY } From Brindisi,
 GIBRALTAR, MALTA, EGYPT, ADEN, Weekly, by each of the } Monday
 above departures.
 LONDON OFFICES: 112 LEADENHALL STREET, E.C., and
 25 COCKSPUR STREET.

BRIGHTON.—BEDFORD HOTEL.—Facing Sea and Esplanade. Near the West Pier. Central and quiet. Long established. Suites of Rooms. Spacious Coffee-room for Ladies and Gentlemen. Sea-Water Service in the Hotel.
 BENJN. BULL, Manager.

IMPROVED SPECTACLES.

MR. HENRY LAURANCE, F.S.S., Oculist Optician.
 PERSONALLY adapts his improved Spectacles at his residence, 3 Radcliffe Gardens, Euston Square, London (three doors from St. Pancras Church), daily from Ten till Four (Saturdays excepted). Testimonials from Sir Julius Benedict, Dr. Rudcliffe, Physician, Westminster Hospital; Ven. Archbishop Palmer, Clifton; Major-General Spurgin, C.B., Aldershot; the Rev. Mother Abbess, St. Mary's Abbey, Hendon; and hundreds of others, in Mr. LAURANCE'S pamphlet, "Spectacles: their Use and Abuse," post free.

FURNISH YOUR HOUSE or APARTMENTS THROUGHOUT on MODERATE HIRE SYSTEM. The original, best, and most liberal. Cash Price: no Extra Charge for time given. Large, useful Stock to select from. Illustrated priced Catalogue, with Terms, post free.—248, 249, and 250 Tottenham Court Road, and 19, 20, and 21 Morwell Street, W. Established 1862.

DECORATION.

MORANT & CO., having for many years carefully studied the best periods of Decorative Art, and having had great experience in carrying out important orders, will advise upon the DECORATION and FURNISHING of TOWN and COUNTRY HOUSES, prepare Designs, and execute the necessary works at moderate cost. MORANT & CO. personally superintend all work entrusted to them.

91 NEW BOND STREET, W.

**JAPANESE
 LEATHER
 PAPERS.**

FOR DADOS, WALLS, AND SCREENS.
 From 15s. per piece.

WALL PAPERS AND CURTAIN STUFFS.
 Artistic and Inexpensive.

C. HINDLEY & SONS,
 290 TO 294 1/2 OXFORD STREET, W.

"GENERAL GARFIELD,"

NEW PRESSED CIGARETTES.

"GENERAL GARFIELD."

Price 6d. per Case of Ten.

W. D. & H. O. WILLS.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.—Nothing is so highly appreciated as a case of GRANT'S MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY, which can be ordered of any Wine Merchant. Good quality, as supplied to Her Majesty, 42s. per dozen. Sportsman's special quality, 50s. per dozen.—Manufacturers, T. GRANT, Distillery, Maidstone.